THE COMIC FOR THE PEOPLE OF POWER!

A POWER COMIC

SMASH!

No. 102
13th JAN. 1968
EVERY MONDAY
7d

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news from the floor of 64

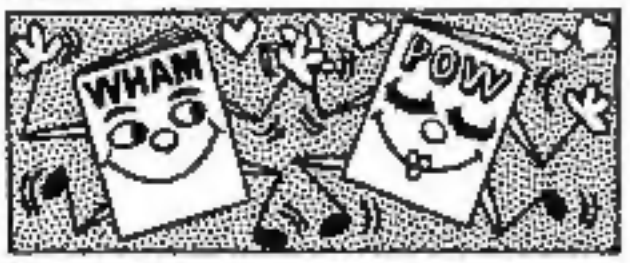
64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

WHAMMMM! . . . Ker-POWWWWWW! When we set out to make A HIT! . . . we make it a KNOCKOUT! And when it comes to giving BIRTHDAY GIFTS we're in there swinging with the best! Not making sense, you say? Don't get the connection? Then, O Brothers of Power, hear this!

THIS WEEK our wonderful, wonderful POW is one year old! In twelve months our baby has grown up from a live-wire bantam, pounded its punchy path through all-comers, and finished up with an on-points win to take the BIG BOYS' crown! So what do we do? What do we give POW on this great anniversary? What's the prize for our bouncy champ? Well, hold on to your ringside seats and we'll tell you! We're pouring into POW a feast of the finest features from WHAM! In other words, we figure POW is too good to stay solo, so by merging in wild, wild WHAM we're going to turn them BOTH into the greatest DOUBLE-ACT in the comics entertainment biz! From now on POW will also include the best of WHAM! Pages of WHAM'S fabled, fabulous funnies PLUS that super-hero quartet THE FANTASTIC FOUR . . . all appear in POW next week! And we're not forgetting all you loyal POW fans who have cheered our baby all the way up to the top of the heap! We're giving YOU a really FUN-GUARANTEED free FLYING SAUCER MODEL! Specially designed and arted by our air-minded Art Ed JOLLY J. JACKSON! Plus MORE pages for you in next week's double-act POW! NEW adventure stories. Lots of new nuttier-than-ever laugh features!

Can we do more to celebrate this POW-style happy happening? Well, okay . . . maybe we COULD give the new POW away free!! But we're not doing that . . . because we want to stay in the publishing business . . . and we kind of like to think you want us to do so, too!

Sheeeeshhh! But it's been an exciting time for us all up here in the garret (and so it will be for you, next week!) . . . so much so that most of us have even forgotten what we had for Christmas! ('member we said we'd tell you what we found in our stockings this 25th). We can't think of anything except "WHAM into POW." "Next week's POW's the NEW Pow!" "Free gifts" "Next week! . . . next week!" . . . heck, that's all you hear up in the garret these days! It could become BORING! . . . if it wasn't so great, great, GREAT!!



MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE . . .

John Vale, Burnham-on-Crouch, Essex; Brian Gooch, Lowestoft, Suffolk; Theresa Kelly, Nantwich, Cheshire; Billy Clifford, Small Heath, Birmingham 10; Neil Flynn, Twickenham, Middlesex; Alan Wright, Kettering, Northants.; Margaret Jarvis, Rochford, Essex; Brian Rooney, Middlesbrough; Candice Miller, Tunbridge Wells; Ian Rogers, Stockport, Cheshire; Philip Allman, London, N.4; Ronald Mallett, Sheffield; Donna Brown, Hendon, London, N.W.4; John Roland, Uxbridge, Middlesex; Glen Dower, Old Harlow, Essex; Keith Nicolson, Waharoa, New Zealand; Peter Greenhalgh, Rossendale, Lancs.; David Pitman, Clapham; Stuart Scott, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; Sara Hill, Winchmore Hill, London, N.21.

BABY SMASHER

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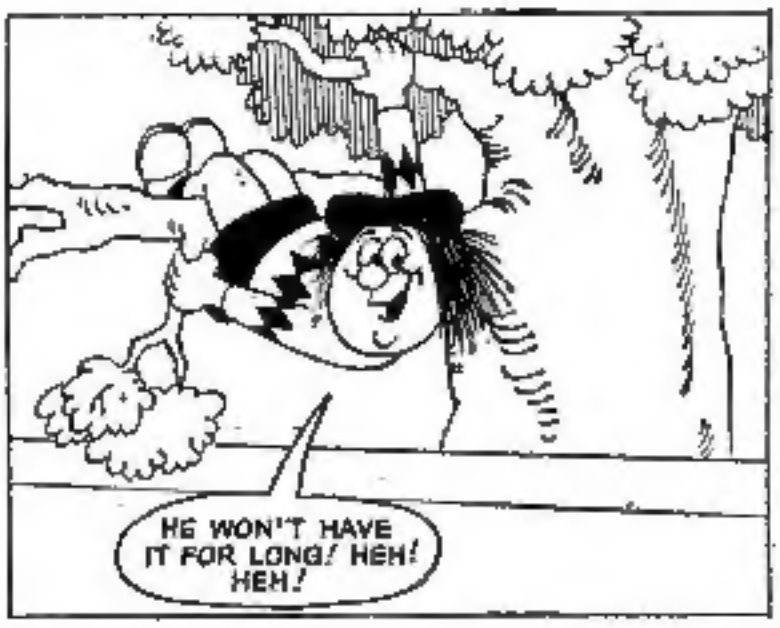
BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY
1968

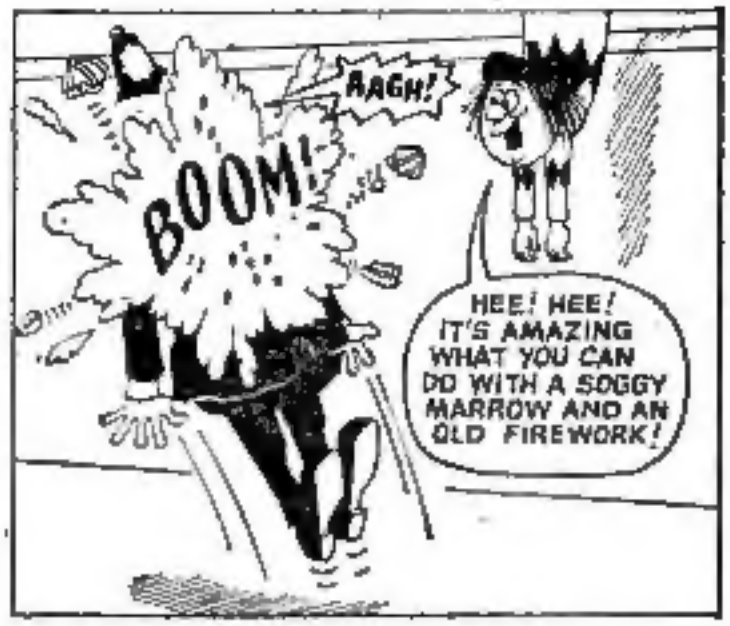
JUGGLE!
JUGGLE!
HEH! HEH! NO MORE BALL TROUBLE FROM PENNY TODAY! I'VE CONFISCATED HER BALL.


HE WON'T HAVE IT FOR LONG! HEH! HEH!

SNATCH!
I'M A PROPER OLD FLAT-FOOTED EGGHEAD.

HELP! THE BALL! WHERE IS IT? IT HASN'T COME DOWN!

HELP! THAT'S NOT THE BALL!
HUH! LOOKS LIKE A SOGGY, OLD ROTTEN MARROW TO ME!


AAGH!
BOOM!
HEE! HEE! IT'S AMAZING WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH A SOGGY MARROW AND AN OLD FIREWORK!

GRR! YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THAT, PENNY! YOU'RE NOT KEEPING THAT BALL!

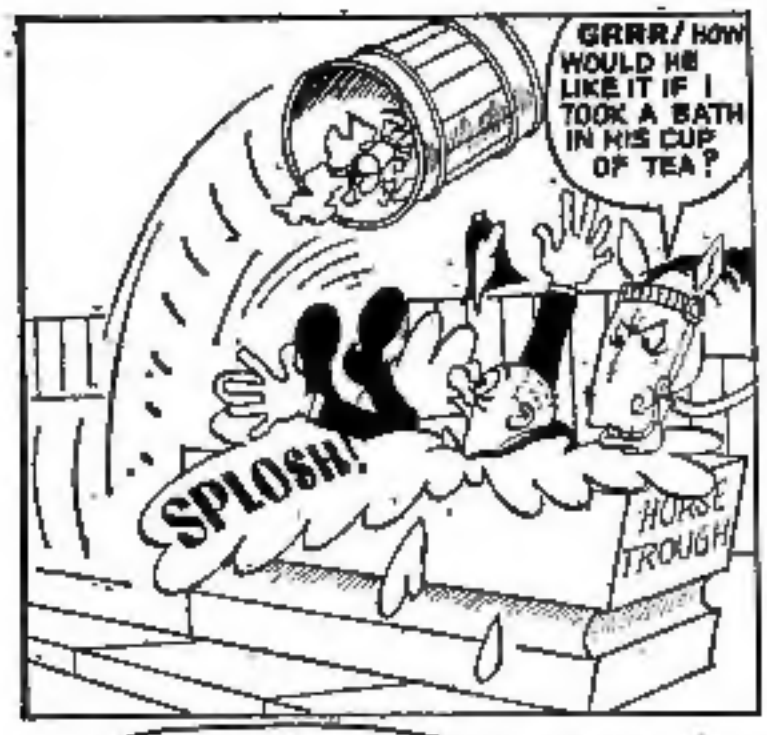
GRR! WHERE IS SHE?

SSS
AHA!

SSS
THIS ISN'T MY DAY! A BLOOMING GREAT FISHBONE HAS STUCK IN THE BALL!

I WON'T BE TAKEN ALIVE!
FLUME!

WAA-AAH! CHEAT!
HEH! HEH! HE'S JUST OFF FOR A SPIN!


GRRR! HOW WOULD HE LIKE IT IF I TOOK A BATH IN HIS CUP OF TEA?
SPLOSH!
HORSE TROUGH

IT WILL TAKE MORE THAN A LITTLE WATER TO STOP ME!
SOAKED
SPLOSH!

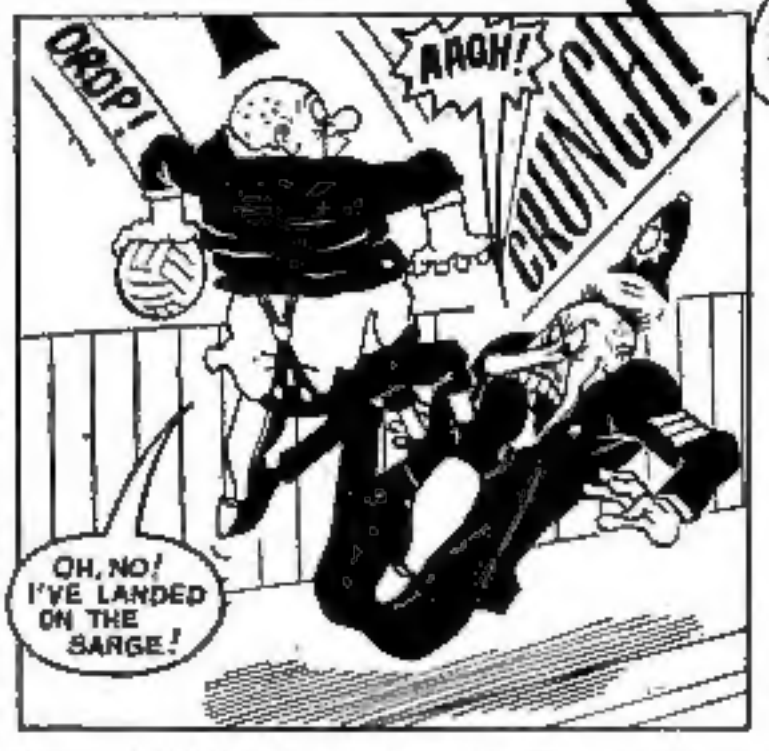
HEH! HEH! GOT IT!
SNATCH!

OOH, HECK! MY—ER—UNIFORM HAS SHRUNK! IT'S THAT SOAKING THAT DID IT!

IF THE SERGEANT SEES ME LIKE THIS HE'LL HAVE ME MAKING TEA FOR THE REST OF THE YEAR! I'D BETTER HIDE!
HEH! HEH! THAT'LL KEEP HIM OUT OF MY HAIR!

YAROO!
OH, HECK! IT'S THAT FISHBONE AGAIN!

THAT MOMENT...
N'MM! WHERE'S P.C. NICK? HE SHOULD BE AROUND.


DROP!
ARGH!
CRUNCH!
OH, NO! I'VE LANDED ON THE SARGE!

YOU LAYABOUT— ARE YOU IN YOUR SECOND CHILDHOOD, MAN? LOOK AT YOU! SHORT TROUSERS AND A FOOTBALL—
—YOU'RE MEANT TO BE WORKING—NOT PLAYING!
STAMP! STAMP!

HERE, GIRLIE! YOU TAKE THAT! BALLS ARE FOR KIDS—NOT POLICEMEN!
TA, SERGEANT! GNIGGER!

PLAYING ON DUTY! WE'LL SEE WHAT THE INSPECTOR HAS TO SAY ABOUT THIS!
W—WAIT! I CAN EXPLAIN!
BIG KID! AT HIS AGE, TOO! HO! HO!

SMASH-CHAT

WRITE TO:-
ALF AND COS,
SMASH,
64 LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C. 2.

MAKE YOUR POCKET-MONEY 'S-T-R-E-T-C-H' FURTHER!
IF YOUR LETTER IS PRINTED—YOU WIN £1!

Sirs,

(No, I ain't nominated you for a title—but who cares.)

My pile of roubles is running low—and so this charming epistle is intended as a quick way of raising a pound. (Tut! tut! What a mercenary attitude!)

At my college I am carrying out a campaign on behalf of SMASH—but most undergrads look on with scorn. I need some moral support. (Please ask your readers to have a communal weep for me!)

However, I remain undaunted. SMASH is the grooviest comic let out of the Power Pack pulp factory (with WHAM close on its heels), but there are one or two things fouling up every star-studded ish.

1. I demand the return of the green-skinned monster. Don't leave the Hulk dangling in outer space. PLEASE!

2. Sling out Brian's Brain—it's the lousiest contribution to literature since Brand Ecch.

3. Likewise Batman.

4. You're monkeying around with Grimly—sometimes the lush looter doesn't even appear!

There ends my ceremonial petition of complaint. The Nervs, the Double-D and Bungle are just too much!

Anyway, if you publish this monstrosity, I undertake an oath to trundle off and squander all the jingle on SMASH Annual—I'll be so chuffed!

Jake Barker,
Bournemouth.

Good idea, Jake—but you'd better hurry, there's not too many of them left!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I think SMASH is an extremely interesting comic and it is also very funny.

I went to Paris last summer and while I was there, I met this French girl who spoke English. As SMASH is one of my favourite comics, I had it sent over to me while I was there and Claire, the French girl, enjoyed it very much.

Now I have returned to England and I send Claire a copy every week.

Marjorie Phillips,
Walton-on-Thames, Surrey.

And so, thanks to "Movearound Marjorie," the World of Power has spread a little further!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

Two of my friends, Stewart and Anthony, were going camping. When they were ready to go, Anthony said, "You can put your orange juice in my bike's saddlebag." What a shock he got when Stewart simply did just that—tipped his orange juice INTO his saddlebag! Wasn't he silly?

Kevin Kelly (aged 7),
Marple, Cheshire.

Wonder what injuiced Stewart to do that!

Alf and Cos.

MEET...

Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

FOR this trick you are going to need a pint milk bottle—and a hard-boiled egg. You MUST also have mum's help — or things could go wrong!

Okay? Okay!—Stand the milk bottle in the sink or on the outside doorstep. Now get mum to light a piece of paper and drop it into the bottle. Don't worry, it will quickly go out — but while it's still burning place your egg end-up on the neck of the bottle. Now, wait a few seconds, and — gradually — the big, fat egg will squeeze itself down through that narrow neck without breaking until it drops down into the bottle!! Now, wash out the ashes and you've got a real puzzler to show-off with. Who will ever guess how the egg got there?

YOU are now going to prove that you are as strong as three of your biggest mates put together.

Hand them a broom upside down and get them to each grasp it with one hand just below the broomhead. Put a copy of Smash on the floor and tell them to hold the broom a foot or so above it. Now you rest one hand against the lower end of the broomstick — and challenge your mates to try and put the broomstick down on to the copy of Smash. You'll find that with your one hand you can effortlessly push the broomstick aside so that it misses the paper every time they stab down.

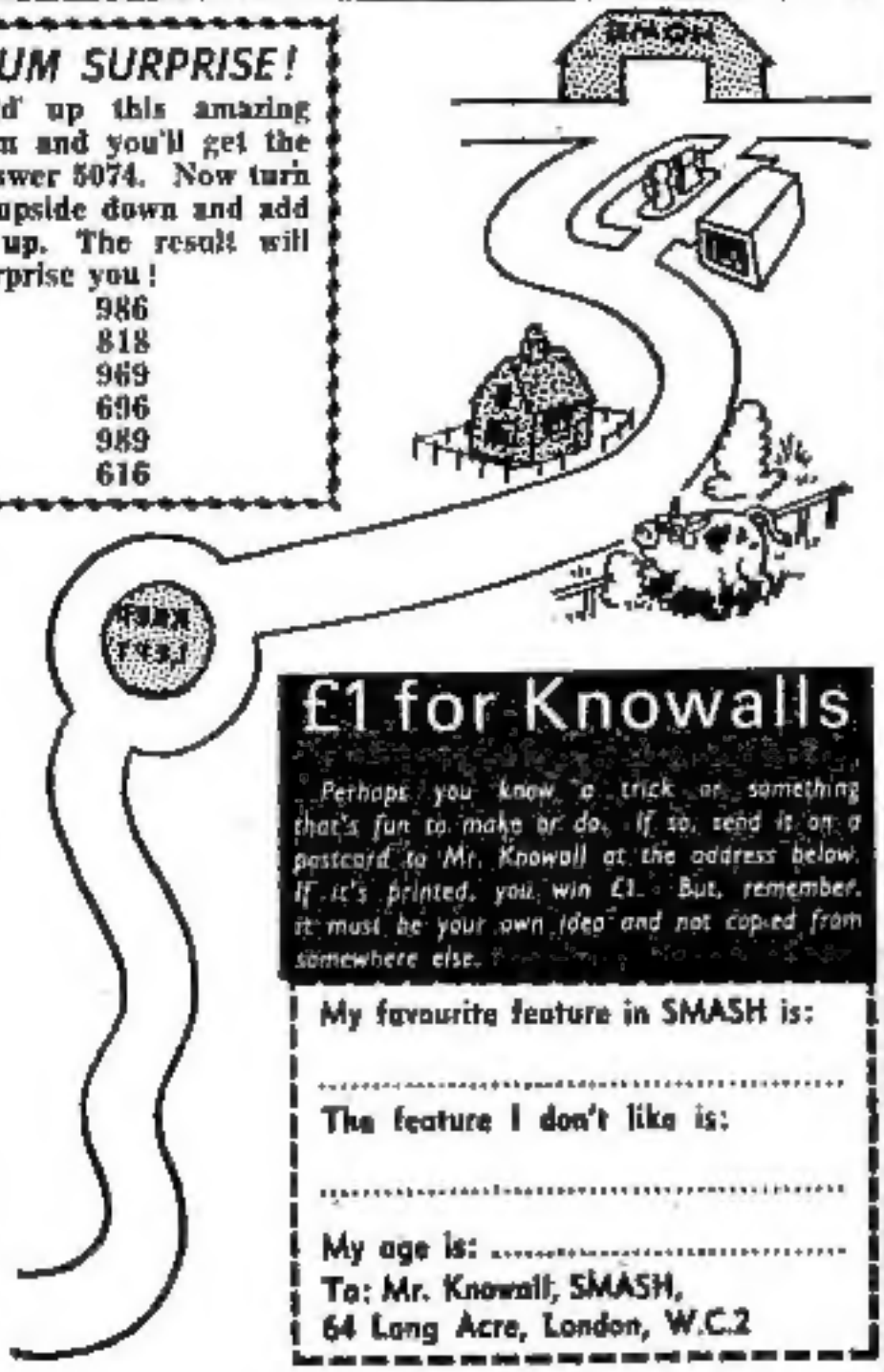
ROAD TEST

Put a mirror at the top of this dangerous stretch of hairpin curves. Now, with the point of a pencil, try to drive up the road BUT ALL THE TIME LOOK ONLY IN THE MIRROR. Wonder how many times you'll crash before you reach home!

SUM SURPRISE!

Add up this amazing sum and you'll get the answer 5074. Now turn it upside down and add it up. The result will surprise you!

986
818
969
696
989
616



£1 for Knowalls

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win £1. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

My favourite feature in SMASH is:

.....

The feature I don't like is:

.....

My age is: .....

To: Mr. Knowall, SMASH,
64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2

DARE-DEVIL... DEFIES THE ORGANIZER!

WE'VE A LOT TO REMIND YOU ABOUT — SO WE'LL DO IT IN EASY STEPS SO THAT YOU WON'T GET TOO CONFUSED (WE HOPE)!

FOGGY IS HOPING TO BE ELECTED AS DISTRICT ATTORNEY WITH THE REFORM PARTY —

BUT DAREDEVIL SUSPECTS THAT ONE OF THE PARTY LEADERS IS 'THE ORGANIZER' —

SO DAREDEVIL KEEPS WATCH ON A BIG PARTY AT THE HOME OF BERNARD HARRIS, ONE OF THE REFORM BIGWIGS —

BUT IT IS HARRIS'S DAUGHTER, DEBORAH, WHO IS THE VICTIM OF THE ORGANIZER'S EVIL GANG!

LATER, AT THE LAIR OF THE ORGANIZATION...

YOU DID WELL THIS TIME! BUT WE HAVE A PROBLEM!

THE CAPTURE OF THE CAT MAN JEOPARDIZES OUR WHOLE OPERATION! HE MUST NOT TALK! APE! THIS WILL BE YOUR JOB...

JUST MY LUCK! WHAT HAVE I GOTTA DO... INVADE POLICE HEADQUARTERS!

BOSS... YOU DON'T MEAN TO.. YOU WOULDN'T...

AND, AT POLICE H.Q. ...

WE'VE IDENTIFIED YOU FROM OUR MUG BOOKS, MORGAN... MIGHT AS WELL COME CLEAN!

TELL US ALL ABOUT YOUR GANG, AND WHERE YOUR HIDEOUT IS...

WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME?

IF YOU DON'T TALK... IT COULD BE A LIFETIME IN THE COOLER!

MAKE IT EASY ON YOURSELF! THIS IS A BAD RAP, MORGAN!

WELL, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I KNOW... I'M A MEMBER OF A GANG CALLED "THE ORGANIZATION" ... THE HEAD MAN IS CALLED THE "ORGANIZER..."!

WHAT ABOUT THIS ORGANIZER? WHO IS HE AND WHAT'S HIS ANGLE?

I HATE TO DO THIS, CAT MAN, BUT ORDERS ARE ORDERS!

I DON'T KNOW... HONEST! NONE OF US HAS EVER SEEN HIM IN PERSON!

HE ONLY GETS IN TOUCH WITH US BY RADIO AND T.V. ...IT'S PRETTY WILD! HE AIN'T IN IT FOR DOUGH! HE...

BUT BEFORE THE APE MAN CAN ACT...

HEY! ...WHAT.. YOU AGAIN!

A GRENADE! YOU GENTS REALLY PLAY FOR KEEPS!

I KNEW THEY'D TRY SOMETHING LIKE THIS! SO FAR I'VE MANAGED TO SECOND-GUESS THE ORGANIZER'S THINKING PRETTY WELL!

DAREDEVIL HURLS THE GRENADE HIGH INTO THE AIR, WHERE IT SPENDS ITS DESTRUCTIVE FORCE HARMLESSLY!

WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

WHROOM!

THE ORGANIZATION MUST BE PLENTY WORRIED TO TRY THAT!

HE'S MAKING A RUN FOR IT!

HOW CAN I GET HIM TO LEAD ME TO THEIR HIDEOUT? HE WON'T GO THERE IF HE KNOWS I'M FOLLOWING HIM!

WAIT FOR ME, APE! WE'RE NOT FINISHED!

APE TO ORGANIZER... WHAT'LL I DO NOW? I CAN'T SHAKE THAT HIGH-FLYIN' CREEP!

OVER ROOFTOPS, SWINGING FROM FIRE ESCAPES, THE CHASE CONTINUES ACROSS THE CITY...

MAYBE I CAN TAUNT HIM INTO FIGHTING ME... THEN I CAN LET HIM THINK HE'S DEFEATED ME SO HE'LL RETURN TO THEIR HEADQUARTERS...

CHICKENING OUT, APE? YOU ACTED PRETTY TOUGH LAST TIME WE MET! WHAT HAPPENED SINCE?

THIS IS THE ORGANIZER! YOU'D BETTER TURN AND FIGHT.. GET RID OF THAT PEST FOR GOOD!

OKAY... THAT DOES IT! HE'S ASKING FOR IT! AND HE'S GONNA GET IT!

KNOPF

HE'S ON THE GROUND AGAIN! GONNA MAKE A FIGHT OF IT... JUST AS I HOPED!

I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT LOOK AS THOUGH I'M REALLY TRYING!

UNNG!

SO FAR SO GOOD!

NOW I'LL GIVE HIM A JUDO CHOP, JUST PULLING IT A LITTLE...

THOK!

THINK YOU CAN HURT ME WITH A LITTLE LOVE TAP LIKE THAT, YOU FOOL? TRY THIS FOR SIZE!

KRUMP!

WOW! I NEEDN'T HAVE BOTHERED TAKING IT EASY ON HIM....

APE TO BOSS... I TOOK CARE OF HIM.... COMING HOME... OVER!

WELL, I SUCCEEDED IN MY PLAN TO MAKE HIM LEAD ME TO THEIR H.Q... ONE *MORE* SUCCESS LIKE THAT COULD RETIRE ME PERMANENTLY FROM THE MASKED CRIME-FIGHTER BUSINESS!

I THINK UNDER THAT APE SUIT THEY'VE HIDDEN A *GORILLA!*

MINUTES LATER, ON A LEDGE OUTSIDE THE CHEMCO BUILDING...

HA! NOW THAT FOOL NELSON WILL DO ANYTHING THE BOSS WANTS...

DEBORAH! SHE *ISN'T* A PRISONER! THE ABDUCTION WAS A *FAKE*... NOW I KNOW WHY SHE MADE A PLAY FOR FOGGY!

EVERYTHING WENT WITHOUT A HITCH, ORGANIZER! FOGGY NELSON THINKS YOU'VE *CAPTURED* ME... JUST AS YOU *WANTED* HIM TO THINK!

IF HE BELIEVES MY LIFE IS IN DANGER, HE'LL DO WHATEVER YOU SAY TO "PROTECT" ME!

FOGGY'S FALLEN FOR HER... HARD! HOW CAN I TELL HIM THE TRUTH? HOW MANY HARD KNOCKS CAN THE POOR FELLA TAKE?

I MUST RESCUE HER, WHETHER SHE LIKES IT OR NOT... FOR FOGGY'S SAKE!

IT'S NOT *HEALTHY* TO SPY UPON THE *ORGANIZATION*, MISTER! IN FACT, IT'S GONNA PROVE *FATAL* TO YOU!

POOR FOGGY! HE'LL *BE HEART-BROKEN* WHEN HE LEARNS THAT DEBBIE HARRIS WAS JUST PLAYING HIM FOR A SUCKER!

BIRD MAN! I *WONDERED* WHEN YOU'D SHOW UP!

THE *LAST* TIME WE BATTLED, YOU GOT AWAY! *THIS* TIME YOU WON'T BE SO LUCKY!

FUNNY! I WAS JUST THINKING THE SAME THING ABOUT *YOU!*

I'VE GOT TO GET HIM AWAY FROM THE WINDOW, BEFORE THE *OTHERS* JUMP ME, TOO!

DID YOU LOSE YOUR *MARBLES?* WHAT GOOD'LL IT DO YOU TO PUSH YOURSELF OFF THAT LEDGE?? *I'M* THE ONLY ONE WITH WINGS HERE!

MY BEST BET IS TO DO WHAT HE'LL LEAST EXPECT... NAMELY, *THIS...!*

THAT SO? WELL, HERE'S WHERE YOU GET THEM *CLIPPED!*

MAYBE SO... BUT IT WON'T BE BY *YOU!* HAPPY LANDINGS, SMART GUY!

GOOD! JUST WHAT I *WANTED* HIM TO DO!

NOW, IF MY BUILT-IN *RADAR* DOESN'T FAIL ME...!

MADE IT! AM I GLAD THEY BUILT THESE OLD BUILDINGS WITH *LEDGES!*

THIPP!

I HEAR HIS WINGS FLAPPING INTO THE WINDOW! HE'S SO SURE I'M DONE FOR, HE DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER TO LOOK BACK!

NOW, I'VE GOT TO GET UP TO THE *ORGANIZER'S* HEADQUARTERS BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

HEY, YOU! WHO'S GONNA PAY FOR THAT BROKEN WINDOW?

I'LL BE *GLAD* TO, FRIEND! CAN I PUT IT ON MY *DIVERS' CLUB* ACCOUNT?

YOU'RE A FOOL, BIRD MAN! YOU SHOULD HAVE MADE SURE DAREDEVIL WAS FINISHED!
STOP TALKING AND TIE ME UP! IN CASE HE DOES MANAGE TO RETURN HERE, I WANT MY ACT TO LOOK CONVINCING TO HIM!
C'MON, THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH! LET'S CUT OUT WHILE WE STILL CAN!
HE COULDN'T HAVE SURVIVED THAT FALL!

THEN...
OH, DAREDEVIL! THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE HERE! I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU!
I'LL BET YOU ARE, YOU LITTLE FRAUD!
MISS HARRIS! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A JIFFY! SORRY I CAN'T ESCORT YOU HOME!
DON'T WORRY! I'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW!
GOOD! BECAUSE I'VE SOME THINGS TO DO...!

IT WON'T BE TOO HARD FOR ME TO SINGLE OUT HER DISTINCTIVE FOOTSTEPS! THE STREETS AREN'T TOO CROWDED AT THIS HOUR!

BUT, AFTER A FEW MINUTES OF SKILLFUL TRACKING...
TOO BAD! SHE SIMPLY RETURNED TO HER OWN APARTMENT! BUT, SHE'S PHONING THE ORGANIZER!
I DON'T THINK DAREDEVIL SUSPECTS ANYTHING! VERY WELL, I'LL CONCENTRATE ON FOGGY NELSON AGAIN!

THUS, A SHORT TIME LATER, AT THE LAW OFFICES OF NELSON AND MURDOCK...
DEBORAH! IT'S YOU! YOU'RE SAFE! HOW DID YOU ESCAPE FROM THE ORGANIZER'S MEN??
IT WAS DAREDEVIL! HE FOUND ME SOMEHOW, AND FREED ME! I COULDN'T WAIT TO FIND YOU... TO SEE YOU AGAIN!
I WAS WORRIED SICK! DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO... WHERE TO TURN!

OH, FOGGY, DARLING! THEN, YOU DO CARE! THAT MEANS I AM IMPORTANT TO YOU! I DIDN'T KNOW! I COULD ONLY
NOPE!
DEBORAH! DEBBIE..I NEVER KNEW YOU FELT THAT WAY!!.. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY!
POOR FOGGY! HE'S PUTTY IN THE HANDS OF A FEMALE LIKE HER! BUT, HOW CAN I TELL HIM THE TRUTH ABOUT DEBORAH? HE'S HAD ENOUGH DISAPPOINTMENTS ALREADY!

LOOK! ISN'T THAT DAREDEVIL? WHAT..?
HE MUST HAVE FOLLOWED TO MAKE SURE I'D BE SAFE!
NOTHING MORE I CAN DO THERE!

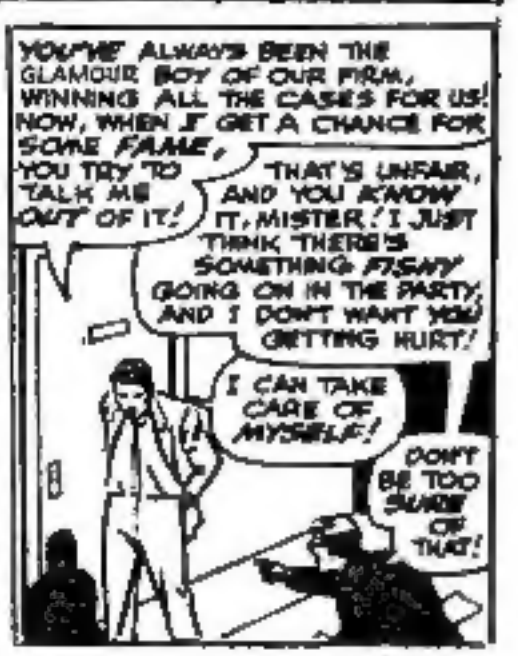
MY MAIN JOB IS STILL TO LEARN WHICH MEMBER OF THE REFORM PARTY IS REALLY THE ORGANIZER!
I HAVE A FEELING IT'S ONE OF THE TOP BRASS!
BUT.. WHICH ONE??

AS FOR FOGGY, HOW CAN I TELL HIM ABOUT DEBORAH? HE THINKS SHE LOVES HIM!
I HAVEN'T THE HEART TO GIVE HIM THE BAD NEWS! PERHAPS HE'LL SOON FIND OUT FOR HIMSELF!

A SHORT TIME LATER, LAWYER MATT MURDOCK RETURNS TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS WHERE THE CAT MAN, ONE OF THE ORGANIZER'S CAPTURED HENCHMEN, IS STILL BEING QUESTIONED...!
SURE I'LL TALK! THEY TRIED TO KILL ME! I DON'T OWE 'EM ANYTHING ANY MORE!
I'M JUST IN TIME! HE'S ABOUT TO SING!

NONE OF US KNOW WHO THE ORGANIZER REALLY IS! ALL WE CAN BE SURE OF IS THAT HE'S A REAL BIG SHOT!
HE CALLS HIS GANG THE ORGANIZATION... AND THEY'RE PLANNIN' TO TAKE OVER THE WHOLE CITY! HE FIGURES TO DO IT BY GETTING CONTROL OF THE REFORM PARTY!
THAT'S WHY HE'S DOING EVERYTHING HE CAN TO MAKE SURE THAT THE REFORM PARTY'S CANDIDATE, ABNER JONAS, WINS THE ELECTION!
BUT THAT STILL LEAVES US IN THE DARK AS TO WHO THE ORGANIZER IS!!

THOUGHTFULLY, MATT RETURNS TO HIS OFFICE, AND THEN...
EVEN IF I DON'T MENTION DEBORAH, I CAN STILL WARN HIM ABOUT THE REFORM PARTY!
FOGGY, PERHAPS YOU SHOULDN'T RUN FOR D.A. AS THE REFORM CANDIDATE!
WHAT'S WRONG, MATT? GETTING JEALOUS?


YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN THE GLAMOUR BOY OF OUR FIRM, WINNING ALL THE CASES FOR US! NOW, WHEN I GET A CHANCE FOR SOME FAME, YOU TRY TO TALK ME OUT OF IT!
THAT'S UNFAIR, AND YOU KNOW IT, MISTER! I JUST THINK THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY GOING ON IN THE PARTY, AND I DON'T WANT YOU GETTING HURT!
I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF!
DON'T BE TOO SURE OF THAT!

I TELL YOU WHAT... ARE YOU GAME TO SET A *TRAP* AND *SEE* IF I'M RIGHT?

YOU *BET* I AM! I'LL *CALL* YOUR BLUFF THIS TIME, MATT!

OKAY, THEN! IT'S A *DEAL!*

THE NEXT DAY, MATT AND FOGGY HAVE A MEETING WITH THE REFORM PARTY'S THREE TOP CANDIDATES...

GENTLEMEN, MY PARTNER, MR. NELSON, HAS SOME *NEWS* FOR YOU!

HAVE YOU SEEN ANYTHING OF *DAREDEVIL*? I WANT TO THANK HIM FOR RESCUING MY DAUGHTER, *DEBORAH!*

COULD HARRIS *HIMSELF* HAVE ARRANGED THE PHONY CAPTURE OF HIS DAUGHTER?

AND WHAT ABOUT *JONAS*? HE HAS GREAT WEALTH AND INFLUENCE AT HIS COMMAND!

AND MONROE! HE WANTED TO *QUIT* THE PARTY RECENTLY! WAS THAT JUST AN *ACT*?

I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT MATT WOULD SUSPECT ANY OF *THESE* THREE MEN!

BERNARD HARRIS CANDIDATE FOR BOROUGH PRES.

ABNER JONAS CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR.

MILTON MONROE CANDIDATE FOR ASSEMBLYMAN.

I CAN HEAR THEIR PULSE RATES! THEY'RE *ALL* UNUSUALLY FAST! WITH *TWO* OF THEM THAT MEANS NORMAL TENSION AND EXCITEMENT! BUT WHICH ONE OF THEM IS THE *THIRD*?

WE'VE FOUND EVIDENCE OF THE *ORGANIZER'S* IDENTITY! IT'S LOCKED IN OUR OFFICE SAFE!

GOOD! KEEP IT UNDER LOCK AND KEY TILL THE *POLICE* CAN GET IT!

IF ONE OF THEM *IS* THE ORGANIZER, AS I SUSPECT, HE'LL TRY TO GET THAT "EVIDENCE" *FIRST!*

AND, A SHORT TIME LATER, JUST AS MATT MURDOCK HAD PREDICTED...

YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS! THE EVIDENCE IN THAT SAFE IS *NOT* TO FALL INTO THE HANDS OF THE POLICE! NOW GET GOING!

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE *CAT MAN*? WHAT IF *HE'S* SPILLING EVERYTHING TO THE COPS?

DON'T BE A *FOOL*! HE KNOWS NOTHING THAT CAN HARM US! I'VE PROTECTED MYSELF FAR TOO CAREFULLY FOR THAT! NOW *GO!*

KAREN'S HEART-BEAT IS UNUSUALLY RAPID! IF ONLY I COULD TELL WHETHER IT'S *FOGGY* OR *ME* WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

WELL, MATT... ARE YOU WILLING TO ADMIT YOUR SUSPICIONS WERE UNFOUNDED?

NOT QUITE *YET*, FOGGY!

BUT, JUST THEN, THE SIGHTLESS ATTORNEY'S UNCANNY NATURAL *RADAR INSTINCT* TAKES OVER...

THERE'S SOMEONE RANSACKING OUR OFFICE *RIGHT NOW!* JUST AS I EXPECTED!

THIS IS ALL THE PROOF I *NEEDED!* BUT I'VE GOT TO SCARE HIM AWAY BEFORE KAREN AND FOGGY BLUNDER IN AND GET *HURT!*

THE EASIEST THING FOR A BLIND MAN TO DO IS TO PRETEND TO *FALL!*

UNNH! BLAST IT! HOW *CLUMSY* OF ME!

HE'S SURE TO HEAR *THIS* INSIDE!

OH... *MATT!*

THUD!

MATT! ARE YOU *ALL RIGHT*?? HERE LET ME HELP YOU UP!

I'M OKAY KAREN! JUST GETTING CLUMSY IN MY OLD AGE! I GUESS!

I SHOULD HAVE KEPT MY EYE ON YOU, MATT! I GUESS I TAKE YOU SO MUCH FOR *GRANTED*, THAT I SOMETIMES FORGET YOU'RE... I, MEAN... HERE I'LL HELP YOU UP!

IT *WORKED!* I COULD HEAR HIM RACING OUT THE BACK DOOR!

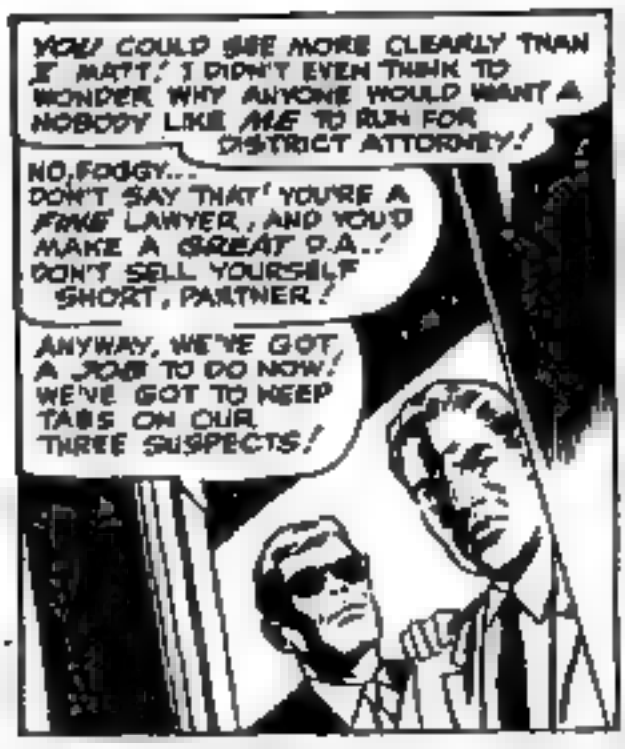
OHH! MATT! FOGGY! COME *QUICK!*

THE PLACE IS A *SHAMBLES!* THEN... YOU WERE *RIGHT*, MATT! YOUR TRAP *WORKED!* *ONE* OF THEM WANTED THE "EVIDENCE" WE SAID WE HAD!

WHOEVER THE *ORGANIZER* IS, HE PROBABLY WANTED ME TO RUN FOR D.A. THINKING HE COULD *CONTROL* ME IF I GOT ELECTED! WHAT A *FOOL* I WAS!

DON'T TAKE IT TOO HARD FELLA! NOW THAT WE'VE NARROWED DOWN THE SUSPECTS MAYBE WE CAN *CATCH* THE ONE WE WANT!

IT'LL TAKE *ALL DAY* TO PUT THE PLACE BACK IN ORDER!



IF YOU DON'T LIKE ACTION —THEN DON'T BOTHER TO BUY NEXT WEEK'S SMASH! BECAUSE THAT'S THE WAY THE MOP FLOPS NEXT ISH — WITH JUST A FEW SURPRISES THROWN IN FOR GOOD MEASURE!

IT'S A KNOCKOUT!

That's what you'll say when you see how we've put some *WHAM!* into *POW!* to make the PUNCHIEST paper ever to hit the comics scene!

YES, NEXT WEEK, THE BEST OF WHAM WILL BE INCLUDED IN POW TO GIVE YOU... MORE NEW ADVENTURE TALES... MORE FAB FUNNIES!

PLUS an out-of-this-world FREE, FREE, FREE FLYING SAUCER!

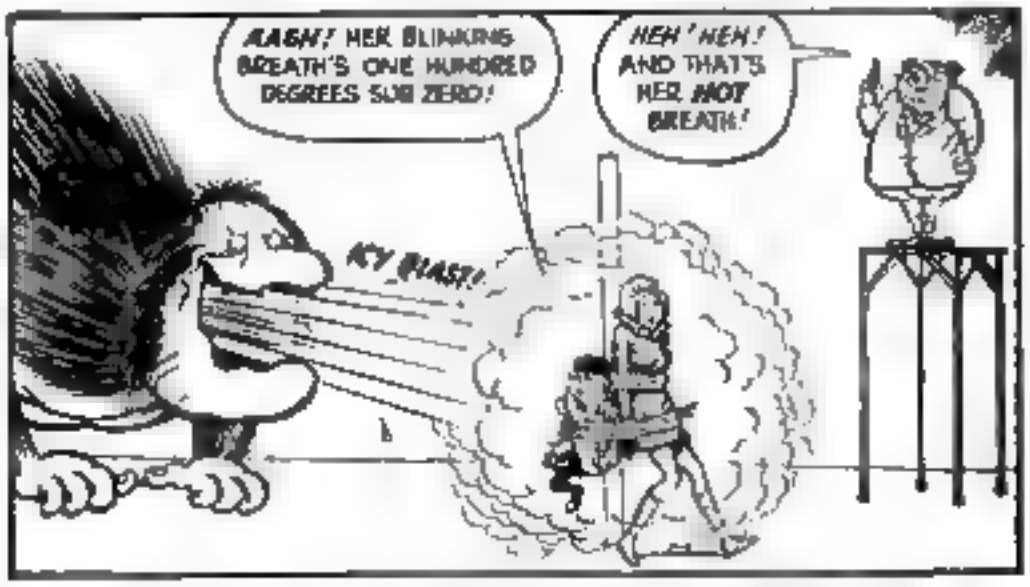
See your newsagent, NOW, TODAY!... Ask him to reserve YOUR copy of NEXT WEEK'S NEW POW/WHAM!...Price 7d.

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—*IF* HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH

THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

LARRY AND DIANA, HIS FEMALE AIDE HAVE BEEN CAPTURED BY THE WORLD'S FIRST YETI BREEDER —DIABOLICAL DR DIAWHITTY!



HEH HEH! WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY—OR SO MY SCRIPTWRITER SAYS!

MELT!

SIZZLE!

AGH! UGG! WAA-AH!

MY HERO! MY HERO!

SPLOSH!

KISS!

AW, SHUCKS! IT WAS NOTHING, DIANA—ALL IN A DAY'S WORK!

UGG! UGG!

GRR! YOU GREAT HEAP OF HAIR—GET OUT AND AFTER THEM! THEY MUST NOT ESCAPE!

COME DIANA AT THE DOUBLE THIS IS QUICKER THAN SWIMMING ANYWAY!

AND NO FUNNY BUSINESS—THIS ISN'T THE TUNNEL OF LOVE, MY PET!

HUH! I BET YOU WOULDN'T SAY THAT IF I WAS NAPOLEON SOLO!

AAGH! HELP NO! NO!

COO! DON'T TELL US LARRY'S TRYING TO KISS DIANA!!???

AAGH! KISSING MY FOOT! IT'S BETTY'S BABIES! THEY WERE WAITING FOR US!

THEY CAN'T FREEZE US OVER BUT THEY COULD GIVE US REAL NASTY CHILBLAINS!

AKA-AAH! KEEP OFF! HOP IT! GO AND MAKE ICE CUBES OR SOMETHING!

BREATH!

MY FIRST VICTIMS! AHH!

SKID!

WOLD MUM!

OOH! WELL DONE, MY CHILDREN—SOON YOU WILL BE AS GOOD AS YOUR MOTHER—THEN WE CAN TURN YOU LOOSE ON THE WORLD!

NOW I KNOW WHAT GULLIVER FELT LIKE!

THAT'S IT MY LITTLE BEAUTIES—WE'LL LEAVE THEM IN THERE UNTIL I CAN DREAM UP A REALLY DIABOLICAL WAY OF DISPOSING WITH THEM!

GRR! THAT FOUL FIENDS LEFT A COUPLE OF LITTLE HORRORS TO GUARD US—HOW DO WE GET OUT OF THIS HOLE NOW?

TOSS!

BITE! CHOMP!

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU—BUT I'M GOING TO FIND SOMETHING TO GET THIS ICE OFF MY LEGS BEFORE IT RUINS MY NYLONS!

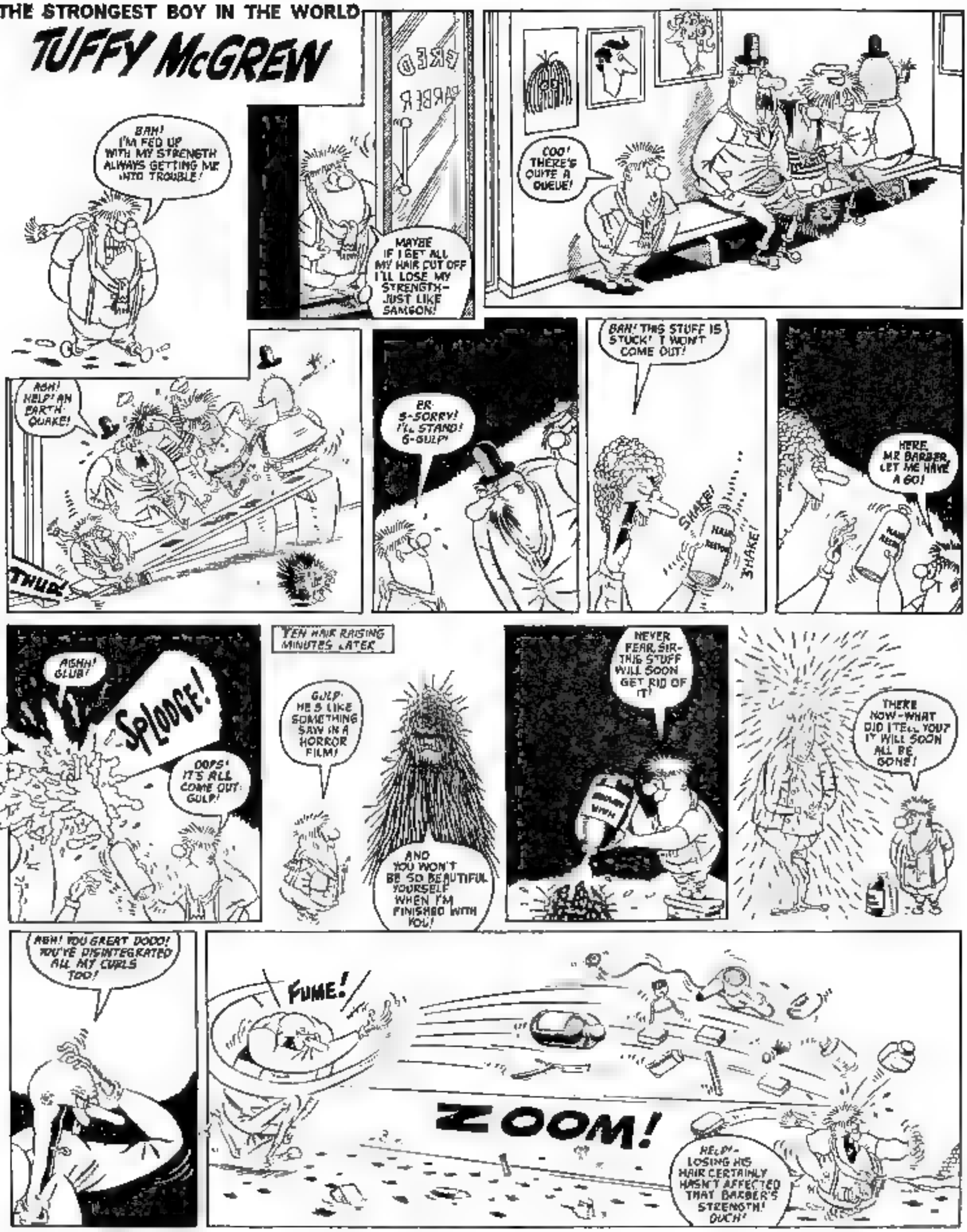
COO! HAIR REMOVER!

WHAT'S THE BURGLER UP TO NOW?

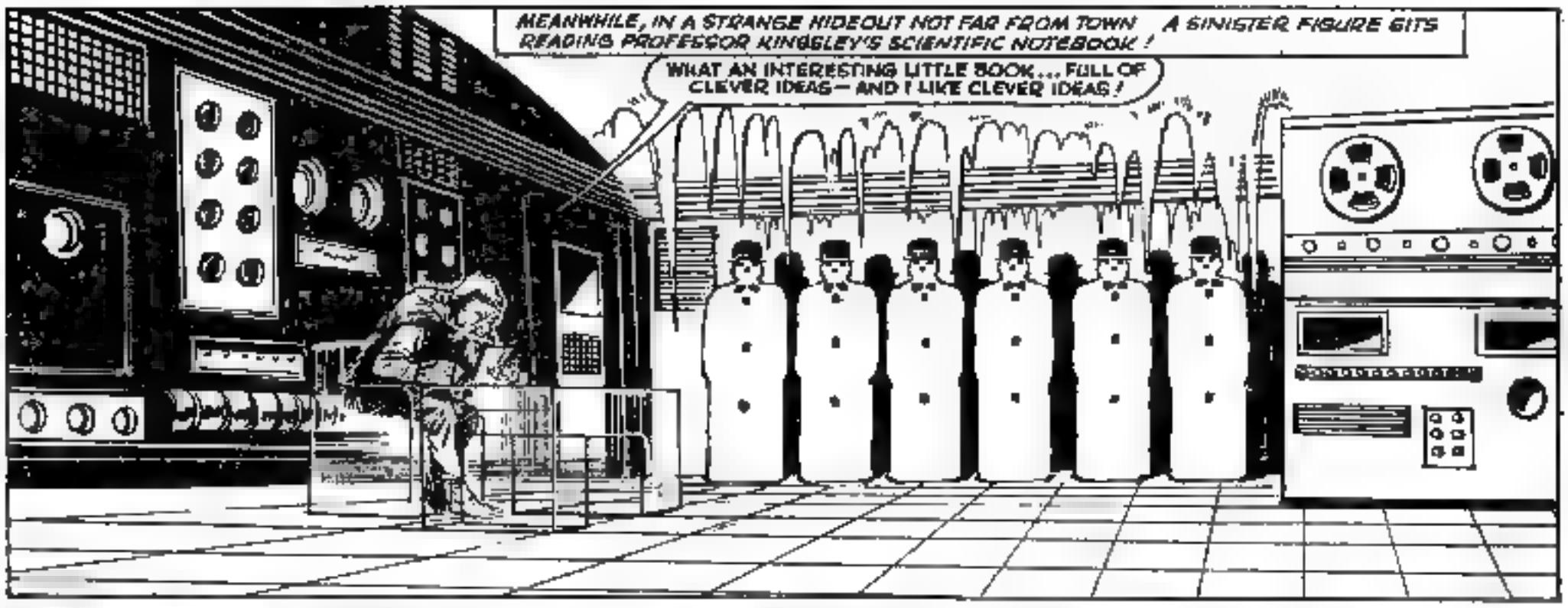
WE KNOW YOU CAN'T KEEP A LADY WAITING—BUT EVEN DIANA WILL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL NEXT WEEK'S ISH BEFORE KNOWING! COME TO THINK OF IT—SO WILL WE! DON'T MISS IT!

THE STRONGEST BOY IN THE WORLD

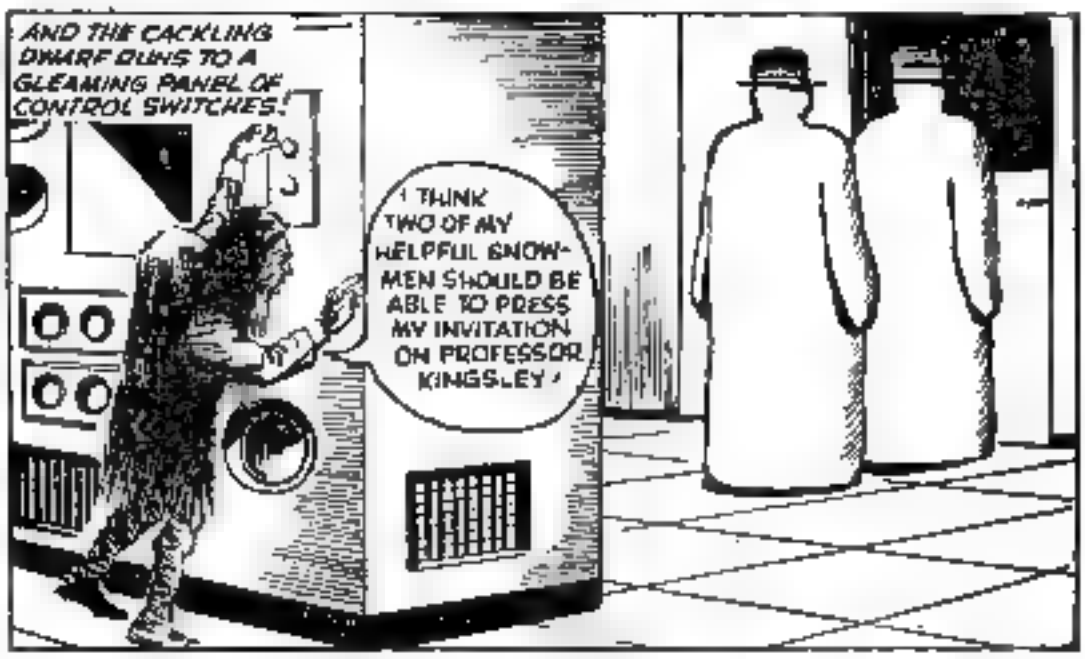
TUFFY McGREW



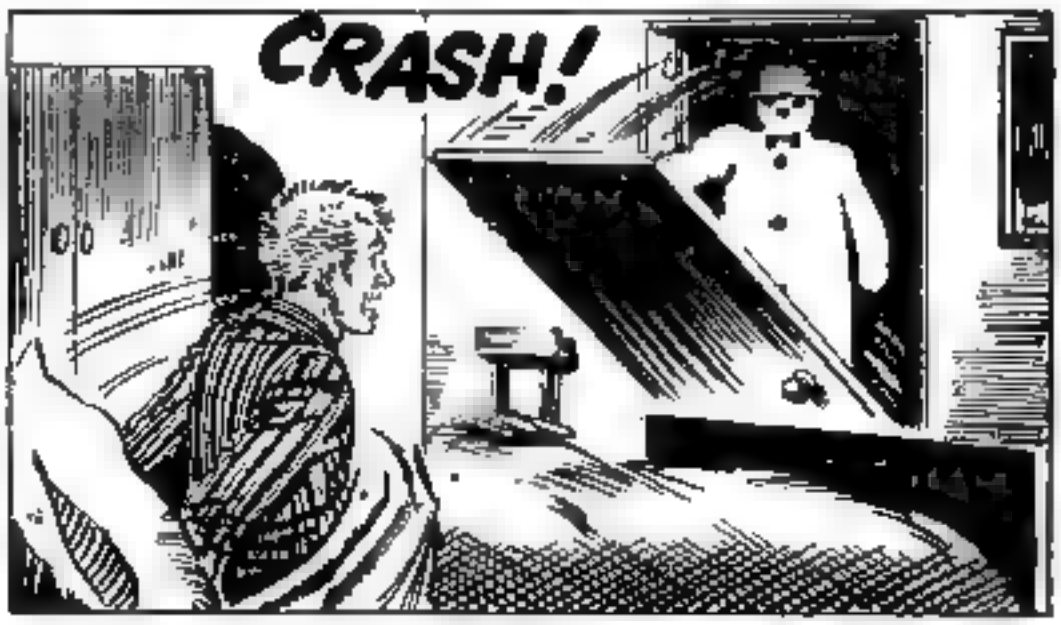
BRIAN'S BRAIN

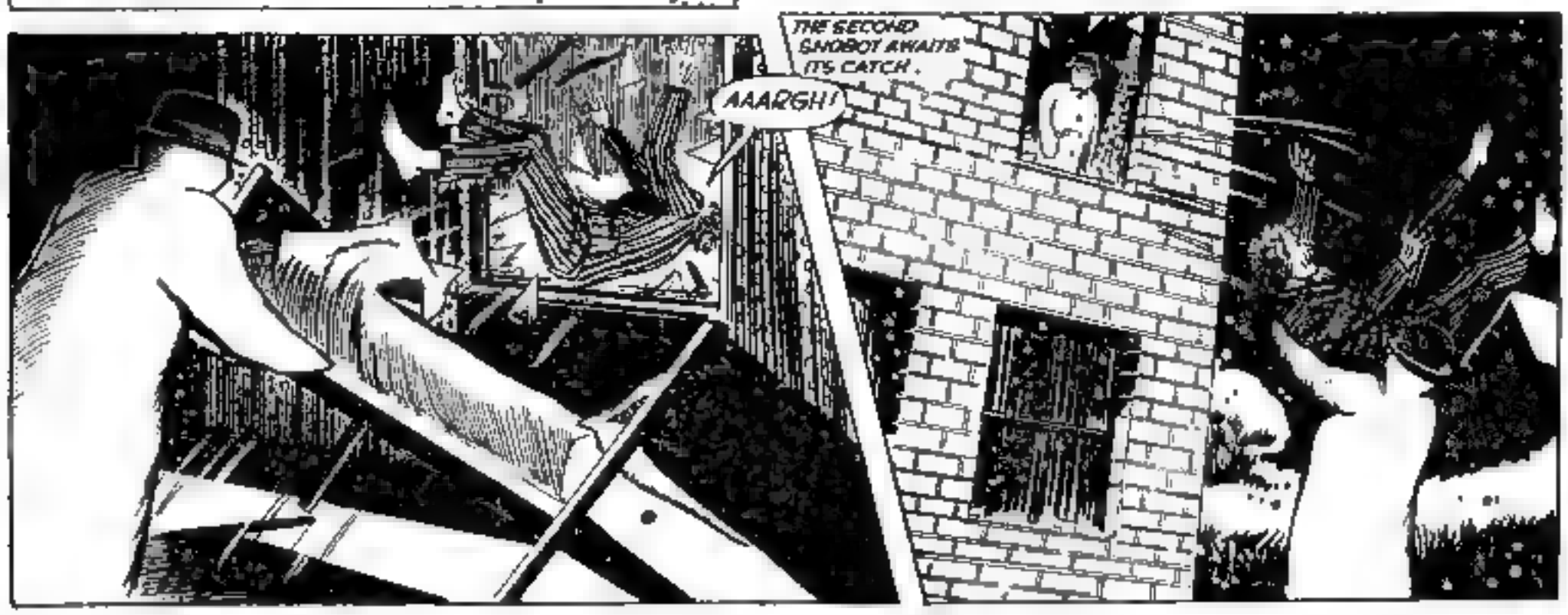

MEANWHILE, IN A STRANGE HIDEOUT NOT FAR FROM TOWN A SINISTER FIGURE SITS READING PROFESSOR KINGSLEY'S SCIENTIFIC NOTEBOOK!
WHAT AN INTERESTING LITTLE BOOK... FULL OF CLEVER IDEAS— AND I LIKE CLEVER IDEAS!

THEY CAN BE USED IN MY CAMPAIGN OF CRIME! I THINK I'D LIKE TO MEET THE GENIUS WHO WROTE THEM DOWN – AND I COULD MAKE HIM TELL ME A LOT MORE! HEH! HEH! HEH! HEH!

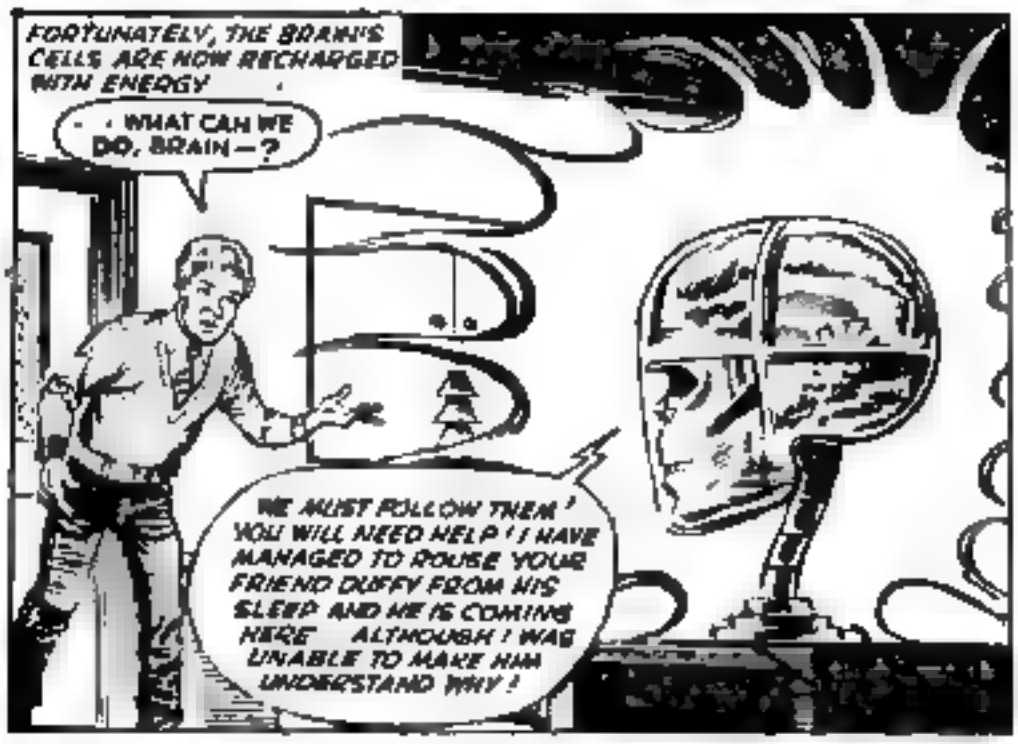

AND THE CACKLING DWARF RUNS TO A GLEAMING PANEL OF CONTROL SWITCHES!
I THINK TWO OF MY HELPFUL SNOW-MEN SHOULD BE ABLE TO PRESS MY INVITATION ON PROFESSOR KINGSLEY!

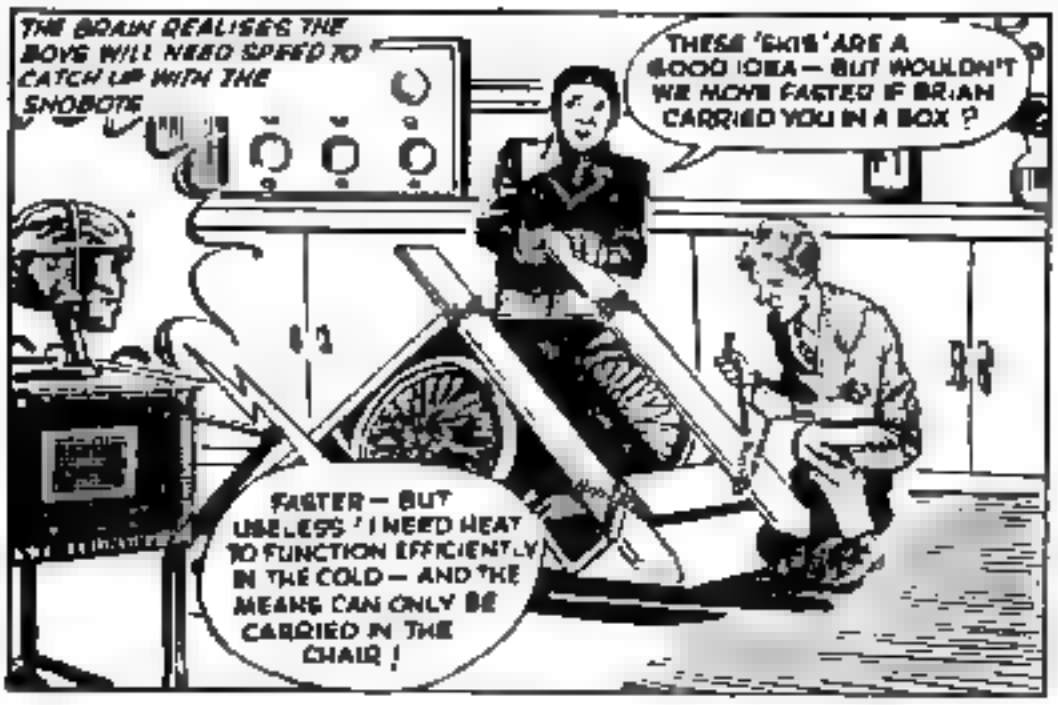
LATER THAT NIGHT – AT THE KINGSLEY HOME

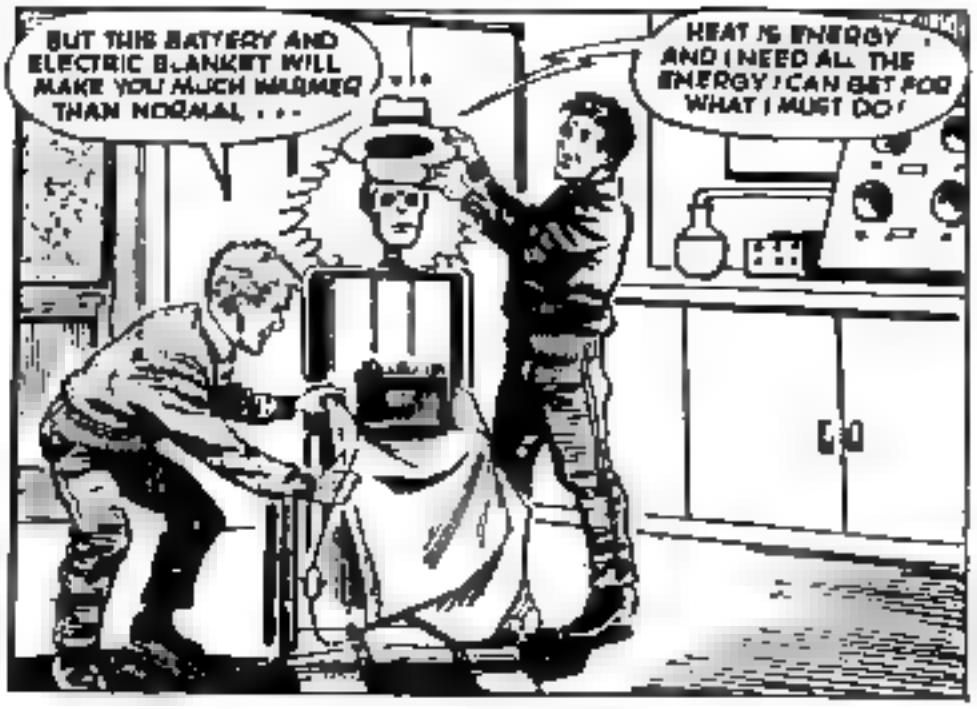

CRASH!

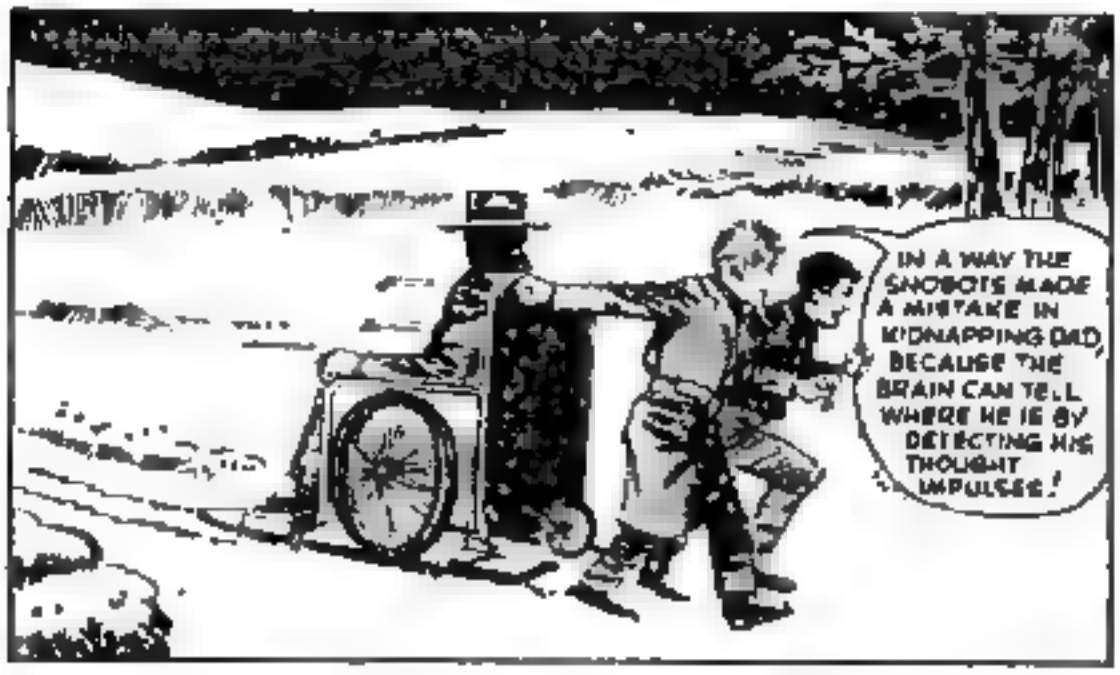

AAARGH!
THE SECOND SNOBOT AWAITS ITS CATCH.

THEY'VE GOT DAD! I'D BETTER GET DOWNSTAIRS AND SEE IF THE BRAIN CAN HELP!


FORTUNATELY, THE BRAIN'S CELLS ARE NOW RECHARGED WITH ENERGY
WHAT CAN WE DO, BRAIN—?
WE MUST FOLLOW THEM! YOU WILL NEED HELP! I HAVE MANAGED TO ROUSE YOUR FRIEND DUFFY FROM HIS SLEEP AND HE IS COMING HERE ALTHOUGH I WAS UNABLE TO MAKE HIM UNDERSTAND WHY!

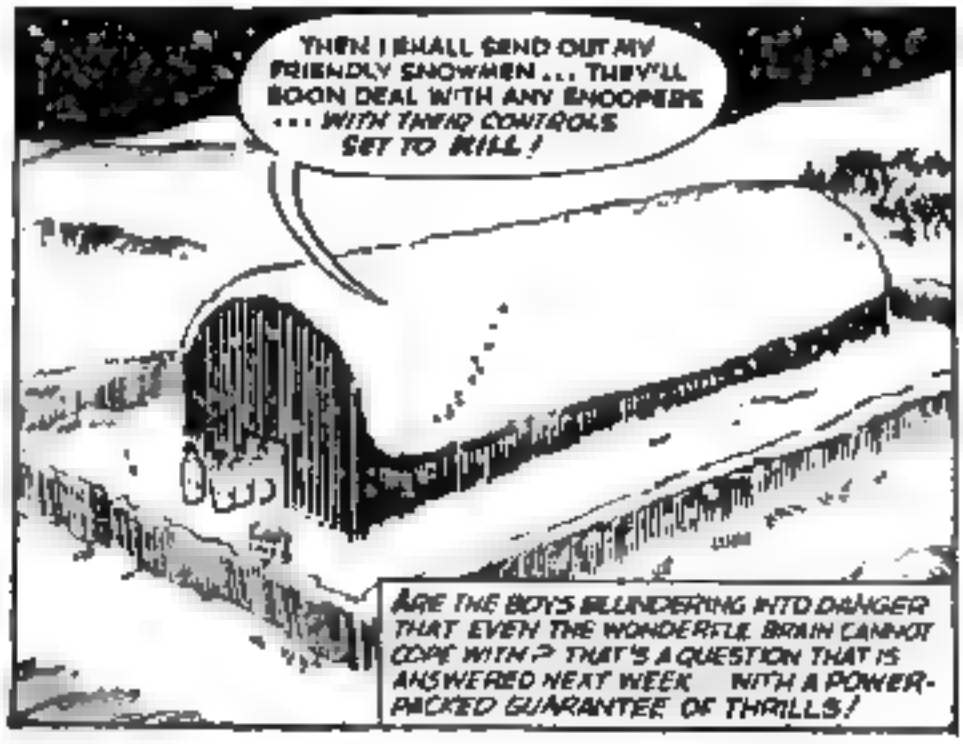

THE BRAIN REALISES THE BOYS WILL NEED SPEED TO CATCH UP WITH THE SNOBOTS
THESE 'SKIS' ARE A GOOD IDEA— BUT WOULDN'T WE MOVE FASTER IF BRIAN CARRIED YOU IN A BOX?
FASTER— BUT USELESS! I NEED HEAT TO FUNCTION EFFICIENTLY IN THE COLD— AND THE MEANS CAN ONLY BE CARRIED IN THE CHAIR!


BUT THIS BATTERY AND ELECTRIC BLANKET WILL MAKE YOU MUCH WARMER THAN NORMAL...
HEAT IS ENERGY AND I NEED ALL THE ENERGY I CAN GET FOR WHAT I MUST DO!


IN A WAY THE SNOBOTS MADE A MISTAKE IN KIDNAPPING DAD, BECAUSE THE BRAIN CAN TELL WHERE HE IS BY DETECTING HIS THOUGHT IMPULSES!

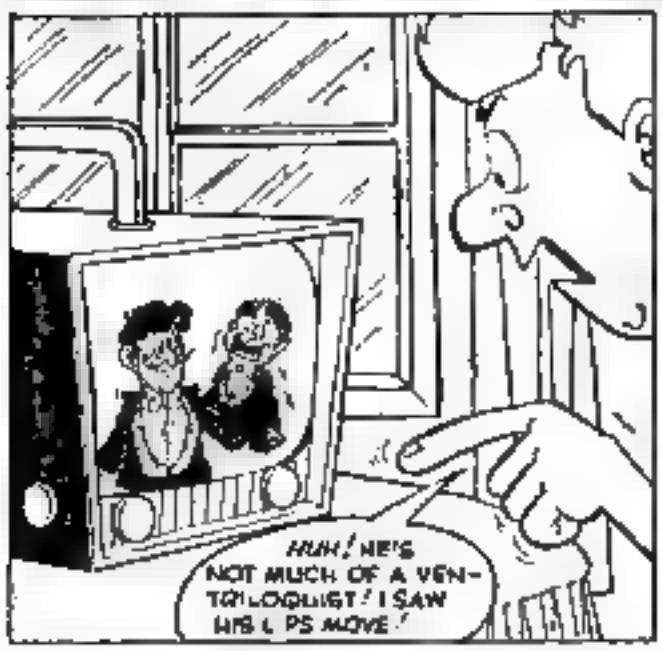
MEANWHILE...
I AM JACK FROST!— WELCOME TO MY HUMBLE HOME, PROFESSOR!
AREN'T YOU SATISFIED WITH LOOTING AND ROBBERY? HAVE YOU STARTED KIDNAPPING NOW?

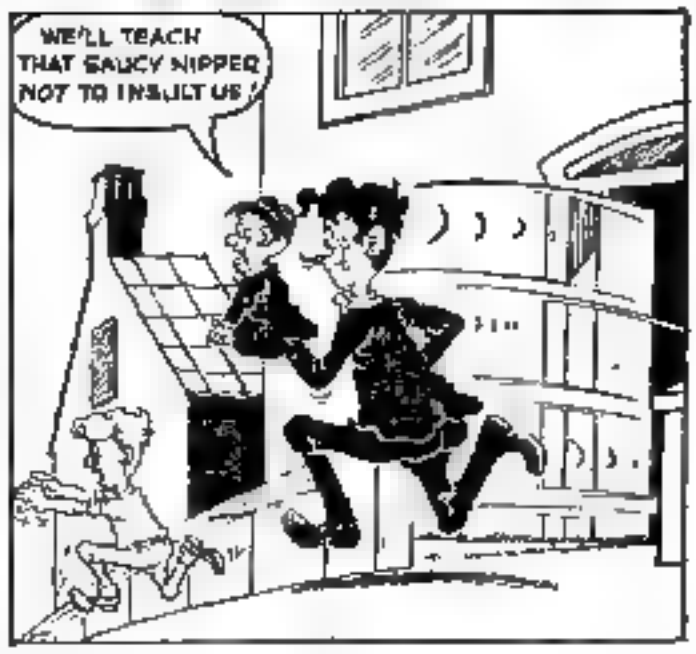
NO, NO! I AM LOOKING FOR A PARTNER... SOMEONE WITH A LOT OF CLEVER IDEAS... LIKE YOU, MY DEAR PROFESSOR!
I'LL NEVER HELP YOU! AND, UNLESS I AM MISTAKEN, MY SON HAS CALLED THE POLICE THEY'LL SOON COME LOOKING FOR ME!

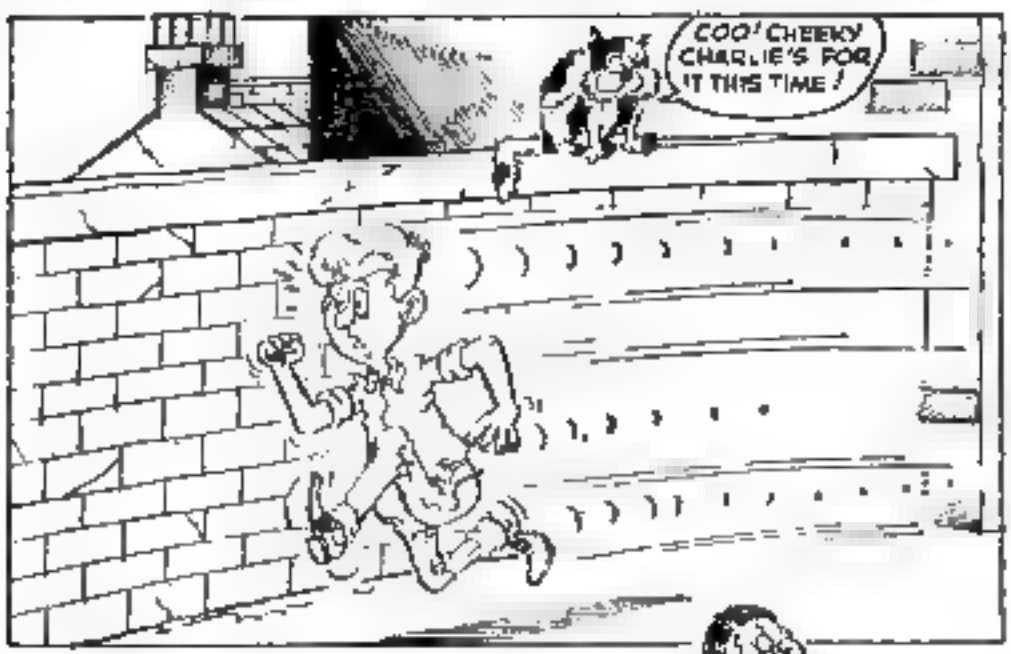

THEN I SHALL SEND OUT MY FRIENDLY SNOWMEN... THEY'LL SOON DEAL WITH ANY SNOOPERS ... WITH THEIR CONTROLS SET TO KILL!
ARE THE BOYS BLUNDERING INTO DANGER THAT EVEN THE WONDERFUL BRAIN CANNOT COPE WITH? THAT'S A QUESTION THAT IS ANSWERED NEXT WEEK WITH A POWER-PACKED GUARANTEE OF THRILLS!

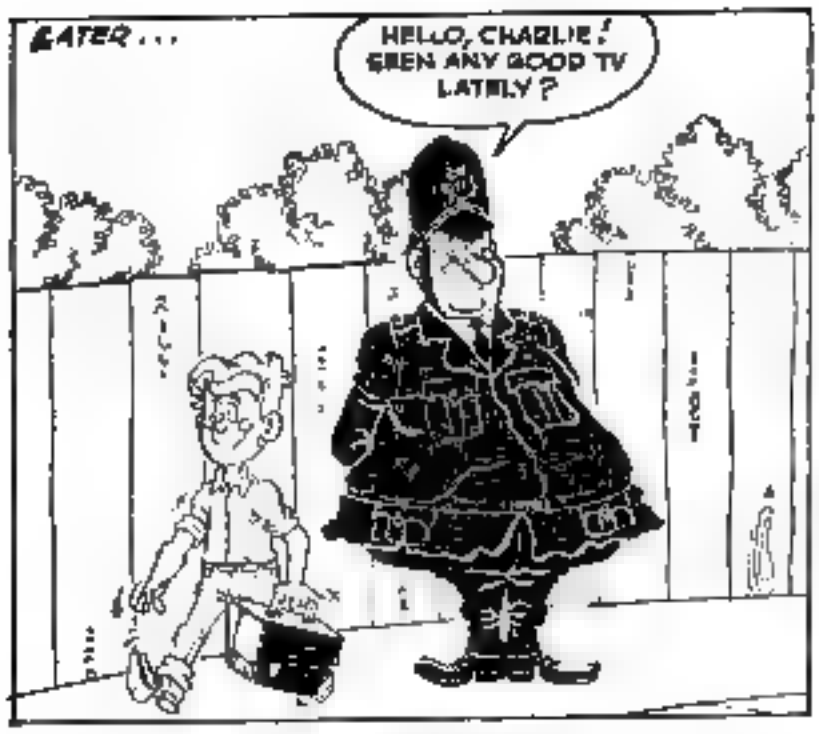
Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE



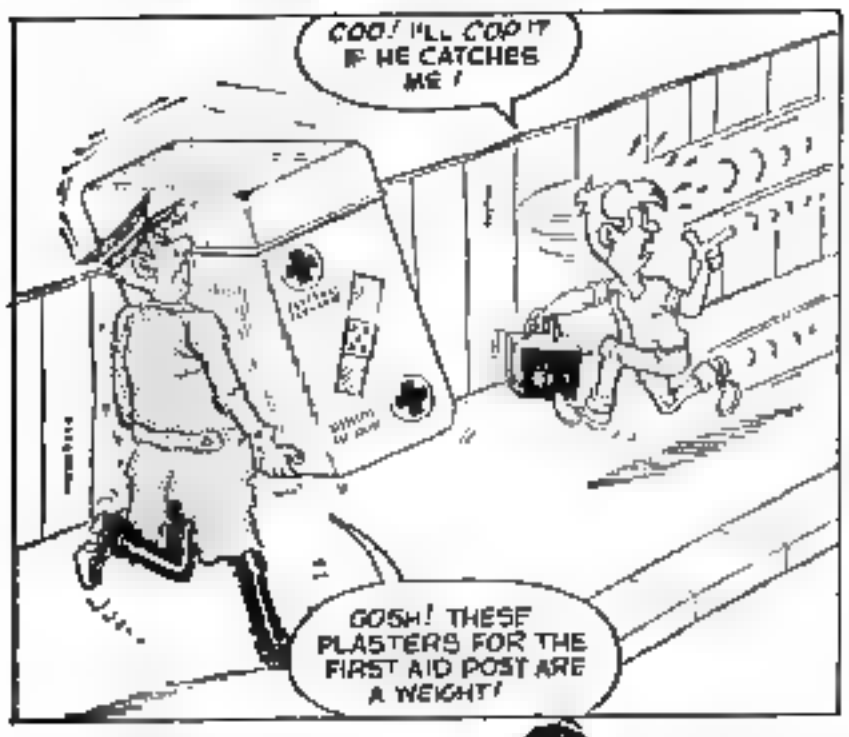





LATER . . .
HELLO, CHARLIE! SEEN ANY GOOD TV LATELY?

NO, I HAVEN'T, YOU FLAT FOOTED OL' BLUEBOTTLE!

HELP! I DIDN'T SAY THAT!
CHEEK! JUST LET ME CATCH YOU!


COO! I'LL COP IT IF HE CATCHES ME!
GOSH! THESE PLASTERS FOR THE FIRST AID POST ARE A WEIGHT!

ARRGH!

G-GOSH! WHERE AM I?— WHAT HAPPENED?

LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE BEEN PUNISHED FOR YOUR CHEEK!

— SO JUST LEARN TO KEEP YOUR LIPS SEALED IN FUTURE!

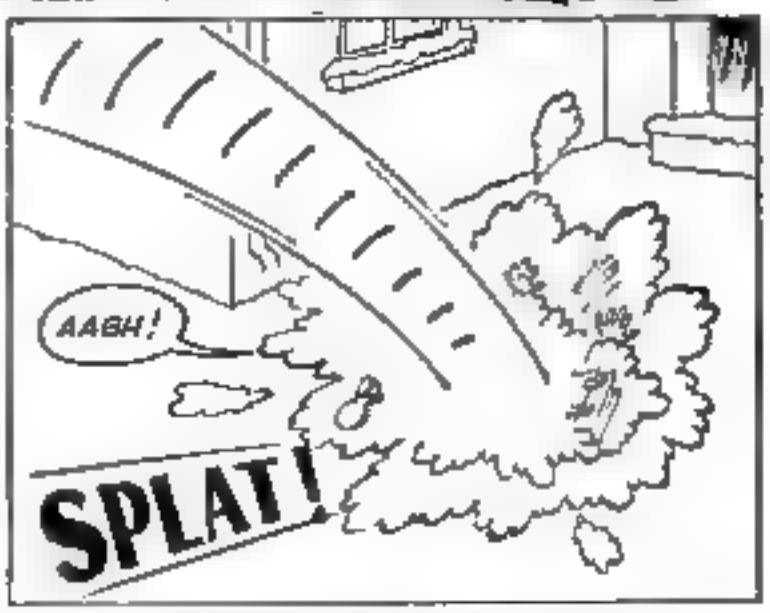
AW! BELT UP YOURSELF, BIG HEAD!
TEE-HEE! IT'S ME AGAIN!
? ?

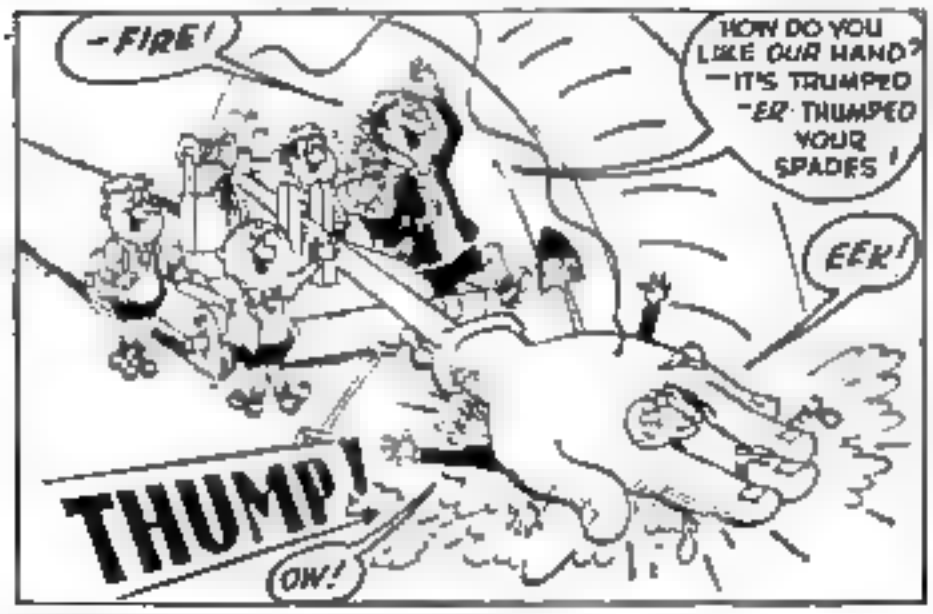
ARE YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING?
I THINK SO!

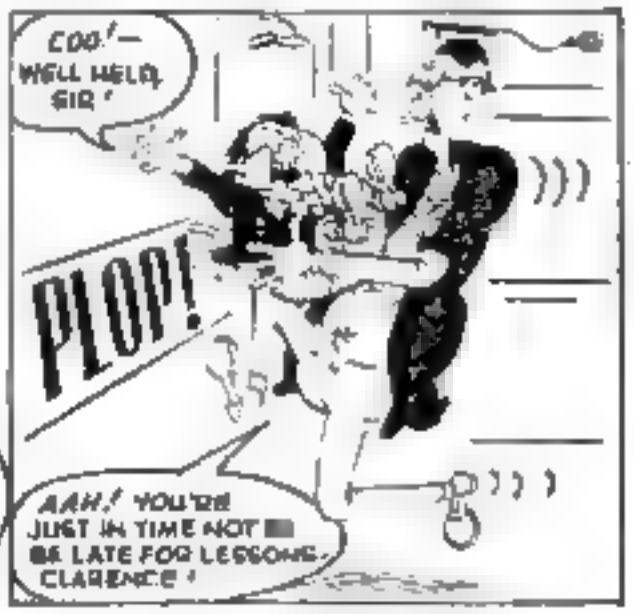
HELP! NO! STOP!
HEH! HEH! HEH! HEH!

YOU'D MAKE A GOOD VENTRILOQUIST, CHARLIE — I CAN'T SEE YOUR LIPS MOVING!
FUME!

The SWOTS and the BLOTS





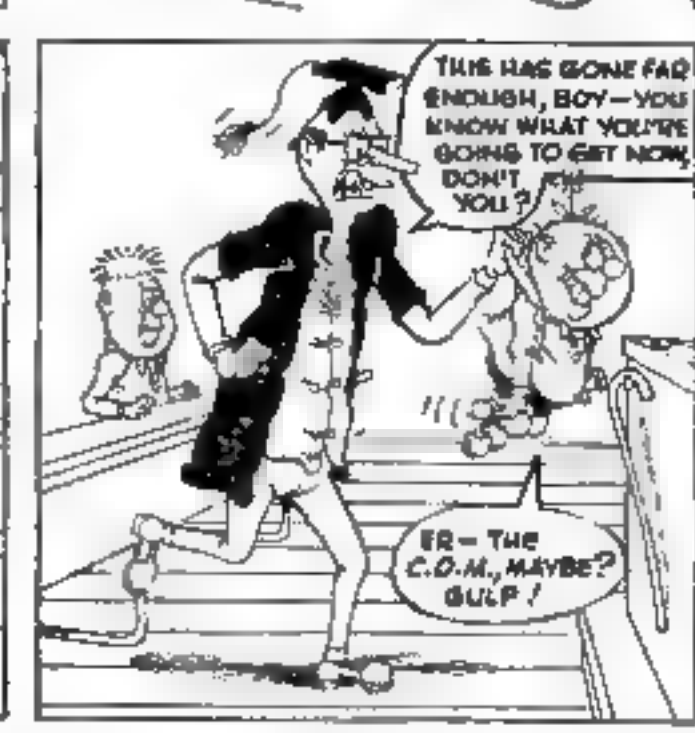


THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO US! THEY'VE GOT NOTHING TO THINK WITH! THEY'VE GOT PORRIDGE INSTEAD OF BRAINS!

I MUST KEEP MY BRAINS IN MY SCHOOLBAG, THEN — 'COS I'VE GOT A PORRIDGE SANDWICH IN HERE!

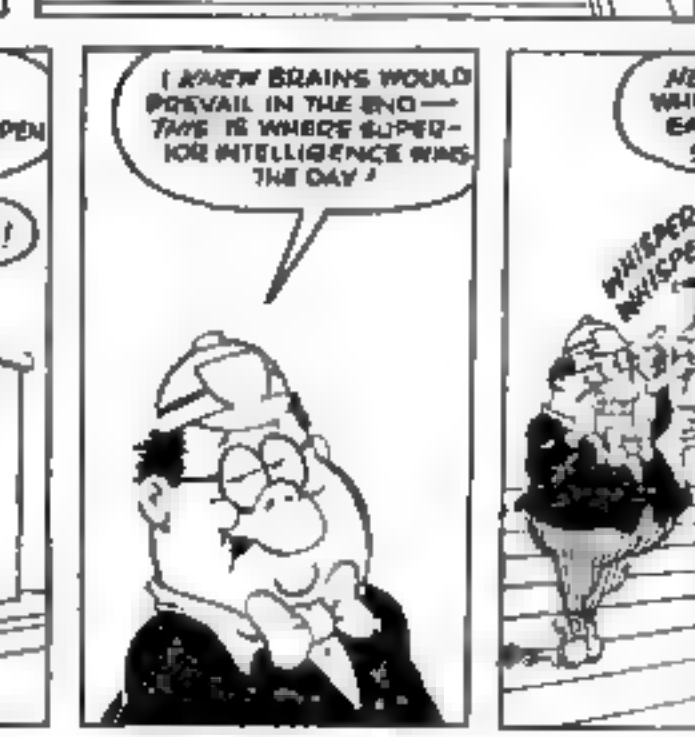
CHEER UP, CLARENCE — I KNOW YOU HAVEN'T GOT ANY BRAINS—

—SO I'LL LET YOU HAVE MINE! SNIGGER!


THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH, BOY—YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO GET NOW, DON'T YOU?
ER— THE C.D.M., MAYBE? GULP!

ALMOST CORRECT— THE M.D.C. IT IS— MASTER'S DIABOLICAL CANE!
GULP! ALWAYS WAS A BIT BACKWARD!

SNAP!
OH, DEAR! I'D A FUNNY FEELING THIS WOULD HAPPEN ONE DAY!
YAHOO! I CAN'T BE CANED NOW!


I KNEW BRAINS WOULD PREVAIL IN THE END— THIS IS WHERE SUPERIOR INTELLIGENCE WINS THE DAY!

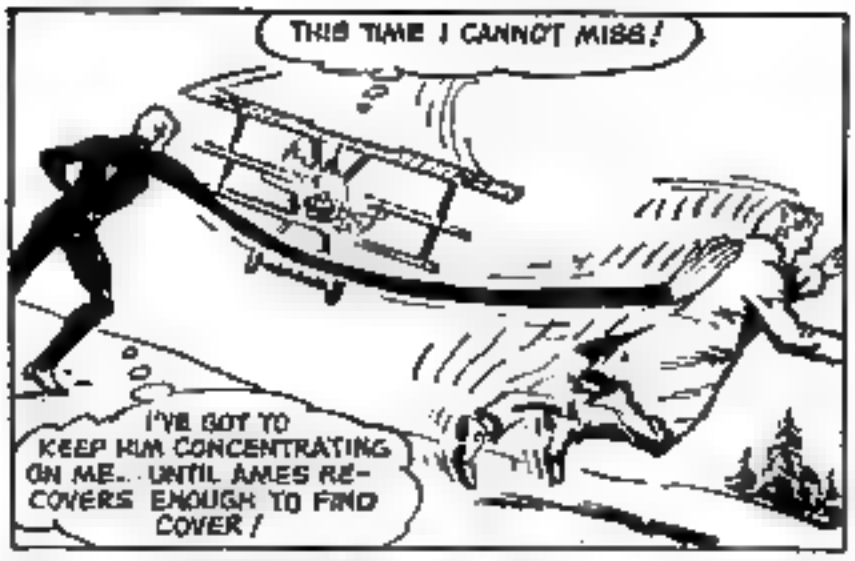
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU WHISPERING IN TEACHER'S EAR-HOLE? COME ON, YOU SNEAK — TELL US!
WHISPER! WHISPER!

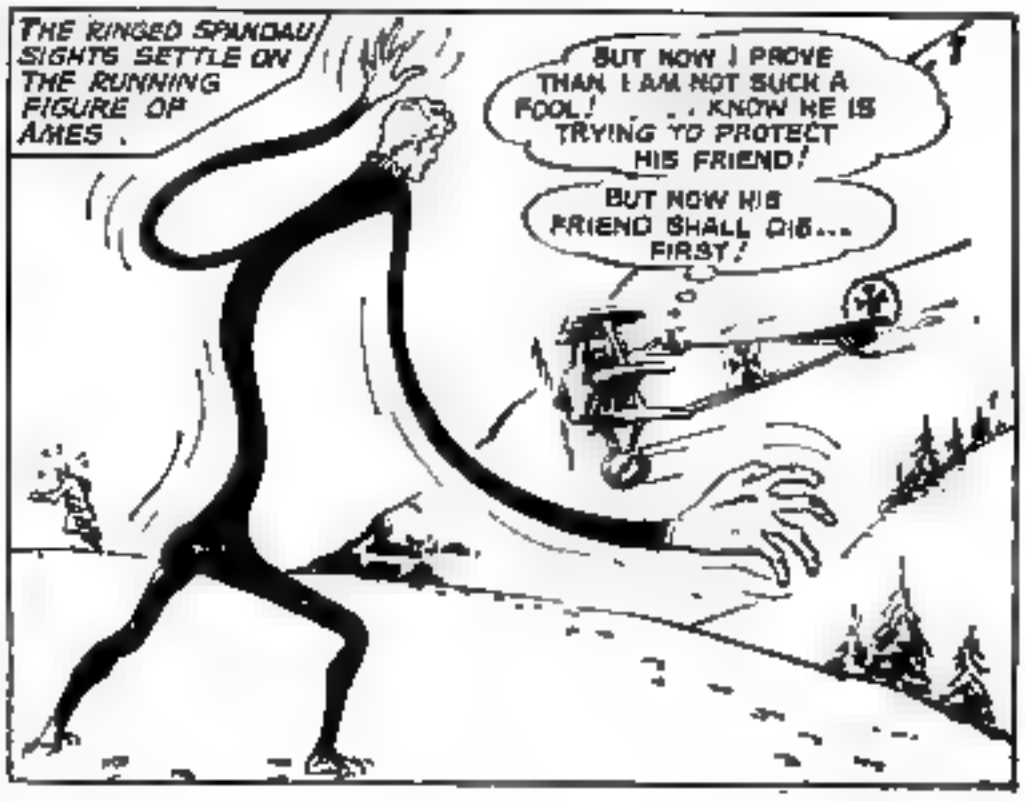
YOU'LL KNOW SOON ENOUGH, BOY! JUST BE PATIENT — I WON'T BE LONG!

WHACK!
WHACK!
WAAH! ROTTEN OL' GIZ! — HANDING OUT A HIDING LIKE THIS!
THE BLOKE WON'T BOTHER US WITH THAT AGAIN — I BET THEY WILL BURN IT AFTER SCHOOL!

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

RUBBERMAN AND EXPLORER GARY AMES TAKE OFF TO CHALLENGE THE WAR-CRAZED BARON VON SCHULK IN AERIAL COMBAT BUT IT IS NOT THE BARON WHO SENDS THEM TOPPLING FROM THE SKIES—**BUT A GIANT EAGLE!**





BUT A MOMENT LATER...

THAT SHADOW! IT'S SOMETHING MOVING OVER ME...!

WHAT...? WHAT...?

IT'S THE EAGLE AGAIN! IT'S ATTACKING THE BARON!

THEN...

NO! NO! AAAHH!

THE GREAT WINGS BEAT IN UPWARDS FLIGHT... AND CRUEL CLAWS OPEN...

IT'S DROPPED HIM!

IT HAPPENED TOO QUICKLY! I CAN'T CATCH HIM!

THE LAST OF THE VON SCHULKE! AND PERHAPS IT IS JUST AS WELL!

NO PERHAPS ABOUT IT IN MY BOOK! NOW WE CAN GET OFF THIS MOUNTAIN. AFTER ALL, THERE'S NOTHING TO KEEP US HERE ANY LONGER...

THE EXPLORER'S WORDS HAVE REMINDED RUBBERMAN OF THE REASON WHY HE AGREED TO COME TO THE BARON'S CASTLE...

HEY! I DIDN'T THINK YOU WERE SO EAGER TO GET STARTED AS THAT! WAIT FOR ME!

THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE IN THE CASTLE. THE BARON TOLD ME ABOUT HIM!

THE FAKIR! THE MAN WHOSE CURSE TURNED ME INTO A FREAK MADE OF RUBBER. THE BARON SAID HE WAS HERE... SOMEWHERE!

...THIS TIME I MUST HAVE HIM! THEN, IF NEEDS BE, I'LL FORCE HIM TO REMOVE HIS CURSE...

WHAT IS IT, RUBBERMAN? WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR?

RUBBERMAN'S WILD SEARCH ENDS AT A DUNGEON WINDOW...

HE WAS HERE! THAT PIECE OF CLOTH. I RECOGNISE IT. IT WAS TORN FROM HIS CLOTHES...

...HE WAS HERE. BUT WHEN THE BARON STRAFFED US, HIS BULLETS CUT THROUGH TWO OF THE BARS...

...AND NOW HE HAS ESCAPED! GONE!

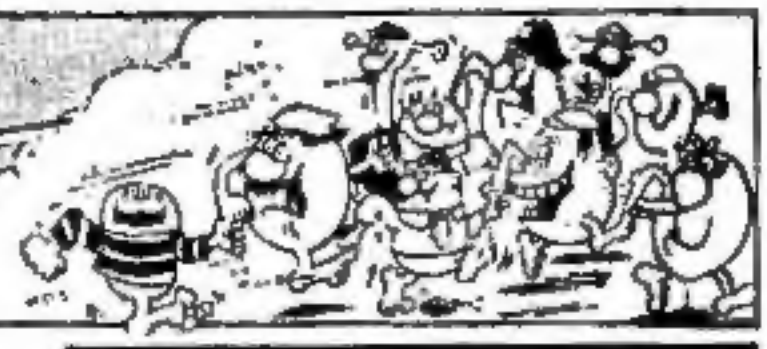
FOR THE VICTIM OF THE FAKIR'S CURSE, FOR THIS INCREDIBLE MAN MADE OF RUBBER, THERE CAN BE NO HAPPY ENDING TO AN ADVENTURE... ONLY THE START OF ANOTHER.

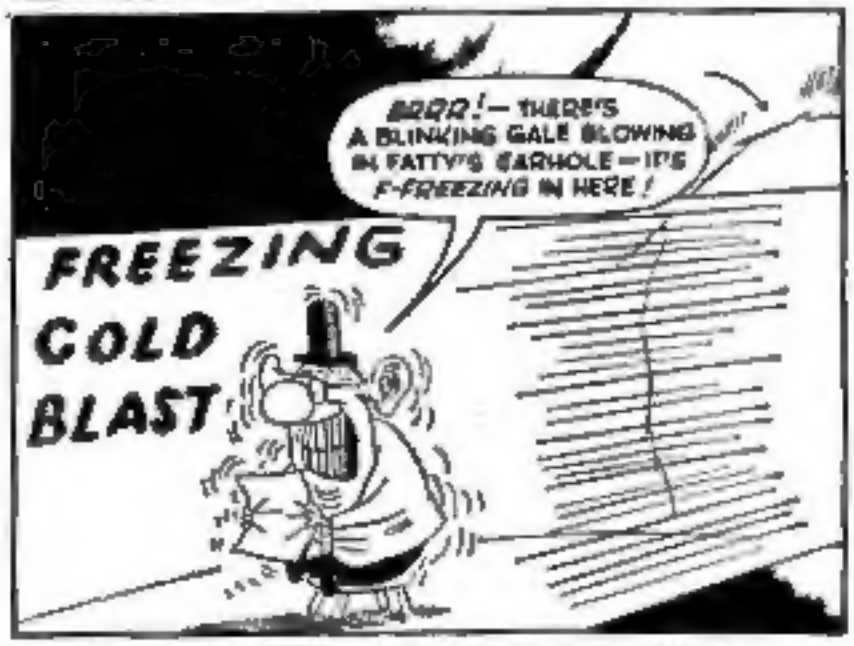
WHAT DO YOU DO NOW, RUBBERMAN? WHERE ARE YOU GOING FROM HERE?

GO? WHEREVER THE SEARCH TAKES ME. I MUST KEEP GOING, KEEP LOOKING, UNTIL... SOME DAY... I FIND HIM!

AND SO RUBBERMAN'S LONELY QUEST CONTINUES! DON'T MISS HIS GRIPPING NEW ADVENTURE— STARTING IN NEXT WEEK'S ISH!

THE NERVS



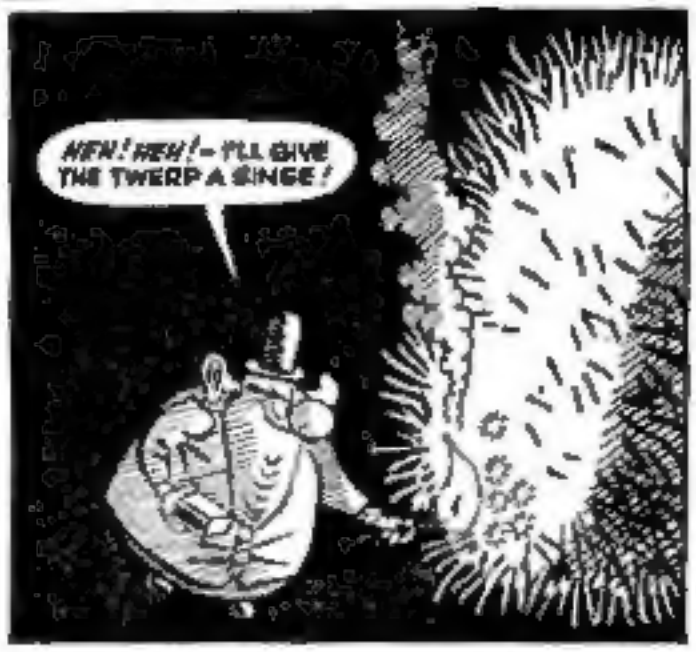

BRRR! — THERE'S A BLINKING GALE BLOWING IN FATTY'S EARHOLE — IT'S F-FREEZING IN HERE!
FREEZING COLD BLAST

HELP! WHAT'S FATTY DONE NOW? IT'S GONE BLACK AS NIGHT!

WELL, IT'S A LOT WARMER NOW — BUT HOW CAN I READ MY BOOK WITH NO LIGHT?

GREAT WAXED EAR-HOLES! HE NEEDS A HAIR CUT! IT'S SO LONG, IT'S BLOCKED UP THE HOLE!

WRONG, LAD — IT'S THE EAR-MUFFS THAT FATTY IS WEARING! LOOK —
NOTHING LIKE EAR-MUFFS FOR KEEPING THE OLD EARHOLES COSY! COLD EARS PUT ME OFF MY GRUB!


HEH! HEH! — I'LL GIVE THE TWERP A SINGE!

I BET THAT WILL MAKE THE FAT LUMP JUMP!
CRACK!
POP!
SPLUTTER

AAGH! THESE MUFFS ARE TOO FLIPPIN' WARM — MY EARS ARE BURNING!

COO! ANOTHER MINUTE AND MY BRAINS WOULD HAVE BEEN BOILING!

BRRR! IT'S C-COLD AGAIN — BUT AT LEAST I CAN SEE WHAT I'M D-DOING NOW!
WHICH IS NOTHING — AS USUAL!

BONK!
YOU CAN HELP ME SCRUB THE FLOOR — THAT'LL KEEP YOU WARM!

BAH! THIS IS NO LIFE FOR A HEALTHY INTELLIGENT NERV LIKE ME!

GOOD! THERE MUST BE AN EASIER WAY TO KEEP WARM!

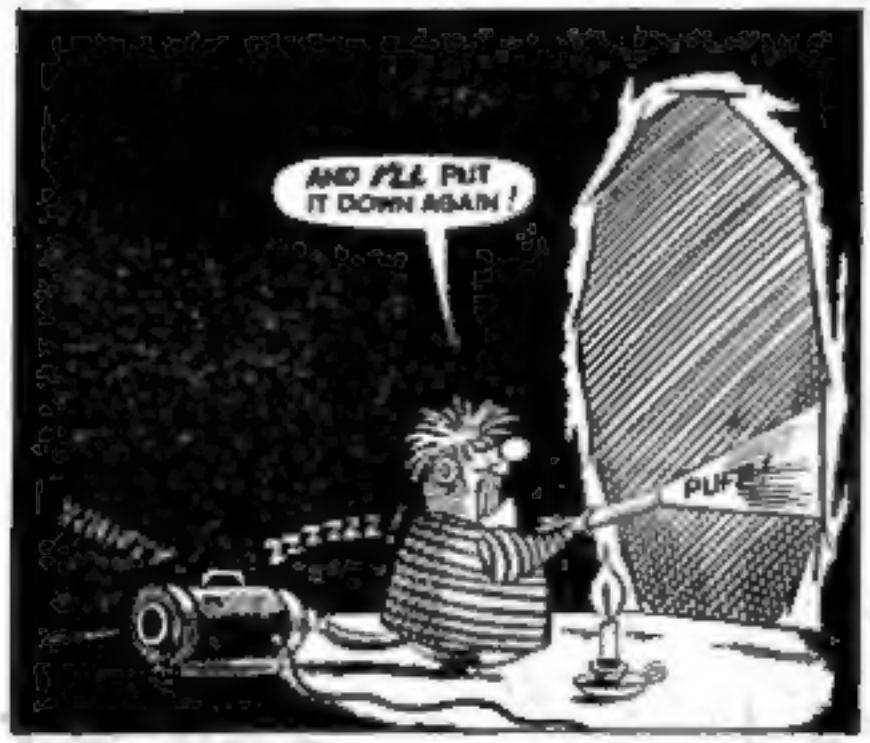
I'LL TURN UP MY COLLAR — THAT'LL KEEP MY EARS WARM!

AASH! HE'S TURNED OFF THE LIGHT AGAIN!
SMASHING! — I CAN'T SCOUR THE FLOOR NOW! I'LL LEAVE IT THIS WAY!

BAH! — I'LL FIX FLIPPING FATTY!

???

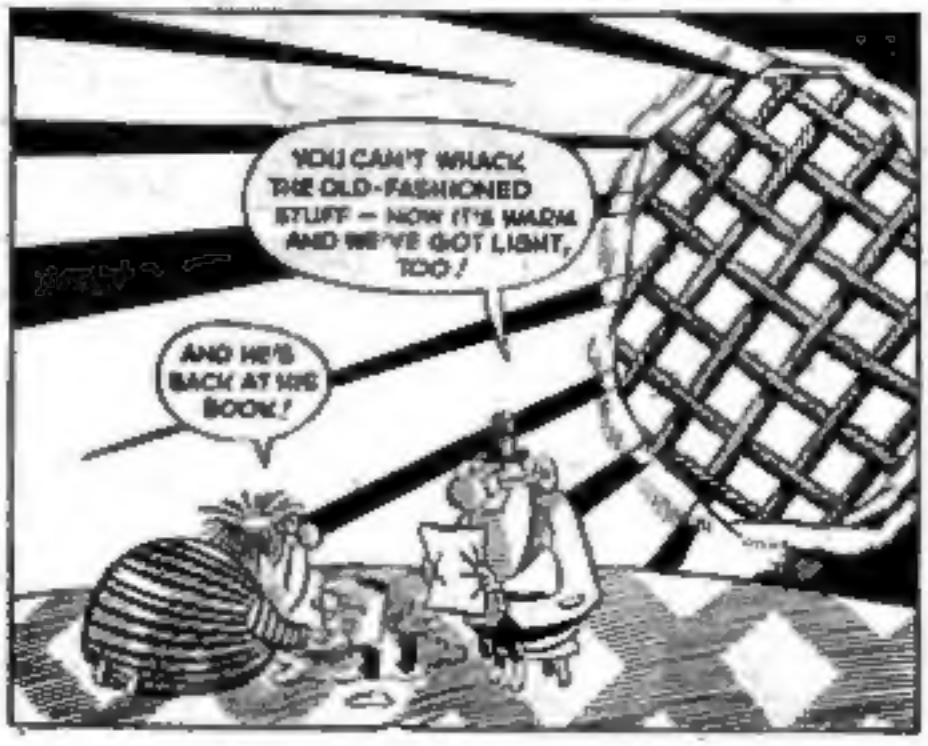
BRAA! I'D BETTER PUT IT UP AGAIN — WONDER WHY IT FELL DOWN?


AND I'LL PUT IT DOWN AGAIN!
WHIRRR
ZZZZZZ!
PUFF!

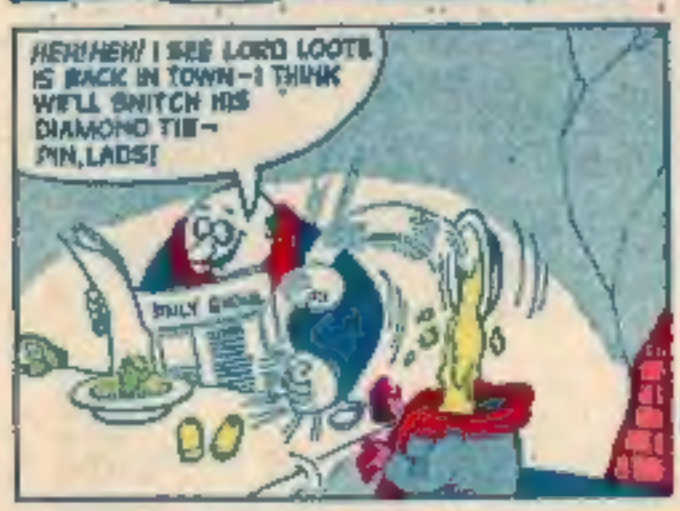
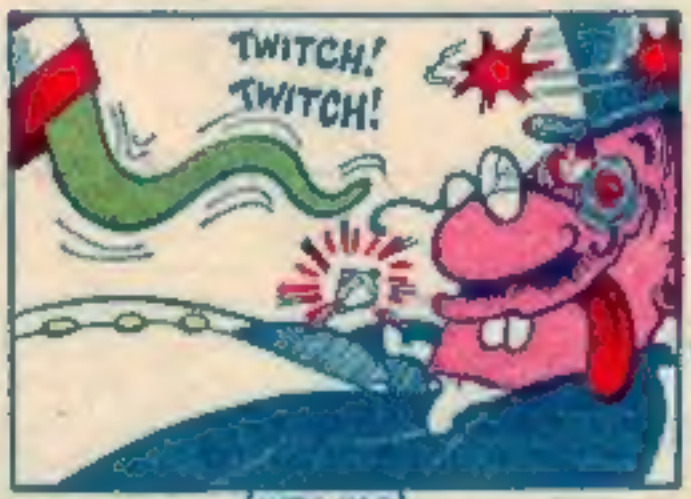
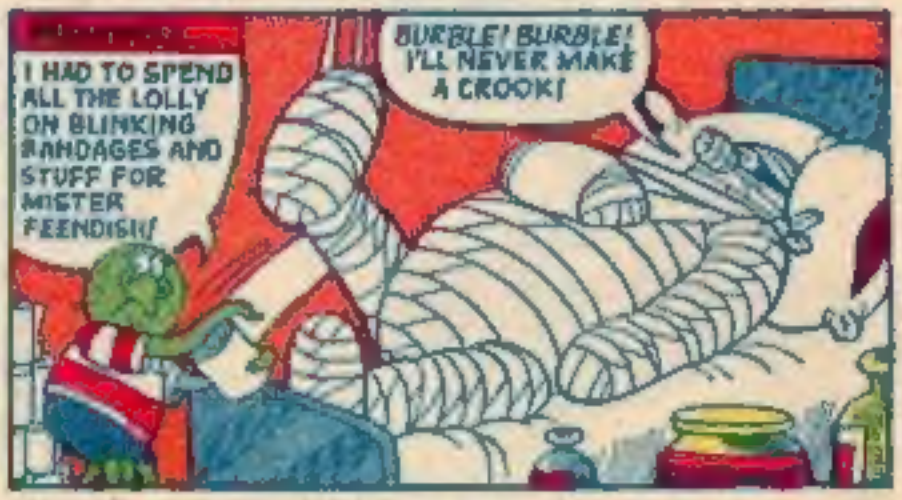
HUH! I GIVE UP! THE COLLAR KEEPS FLOPPING DOWN!

WAIT A MINUTE — I'VE GOT DAD'S OLD BALA-CLAVA HELMET IN MY POCKET!

AT LEAST THIS CAN'T FLOP OFF! — MMM! IT'S LOVELY!!


YOU CAN'T WHACK THE OLD-FASHIONED STUFF — NOW IT'S WARM AND WE'VE GOT LIGHT, TOO!
AND HE'S BACK AT HIS BOOK!

YEP! NO DOUBT ABOUT IT — THIS HAS GOT THOSE MODERN IDEAS WHACKED! I WONDER WHAT THE SECRET IS?

GRIMLY FEENDISH

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD!